

AUGUST 1972

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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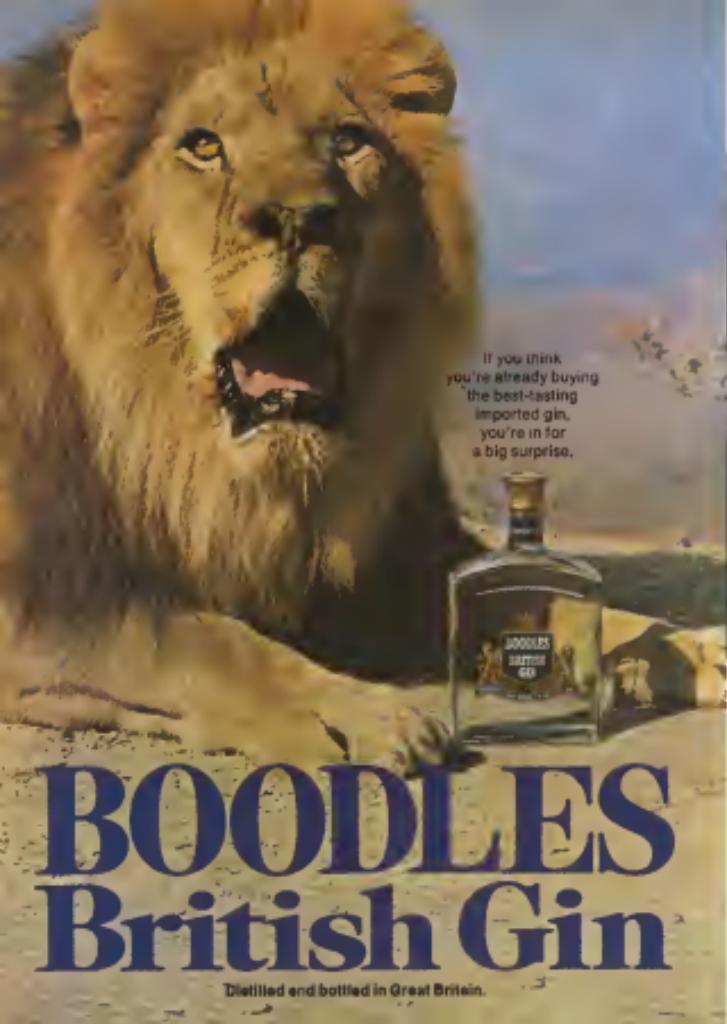


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Winning back the country: make way for the new Canuckism

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

In the summer of 1958, when André Laurendeau, the learned editor of Montreal's *Le Devoir* was seeking an apt description of Mount Dew's "King of Ices" low-towing attack toward English Canada, he reached back into British colonial history and came up with the famous *King Kong* metaphor: "The English are politically shifted," he wrote. "They seldom destroy the political substance of a conquered country. Yet they give the 'nigro king' only apparent real power. For because they allow him to exercise power, but not the necessary that the 'nigro king' collapses and protects the English master. The conquerors are thus the chief of these masters."

It's one of the hidden paradoxes of Canadian politics that Pierre Trudeau, who at that time was an ardent reformer very much of the Laurendeau cast of mind, has himself emerged as something of a "nigro king" in the way his government has handled the country over foreign, particularly American, incursions. The Liberals' take-over legislation has demonstrated how caught in the web of power Trudeau has become and where his government stands — or more precisely, stands — on the issue.

The bill will hardly touch the \$3 billion worth of assets held by foreign-owned companies in Canada. It does nothing to raise Canadian participation in the key sectors of our economy, nothing to limit the extraterritorial applications of U.S. statutes. The new law does not even fulfil what Trudeau himself has described as his own "missionary posture" of "restoring the status quo" on the extent of foreign control over Canadian life. The *New York Times* comment on the employer-hosted guitars ("The reaction of American investors is one of satisfaction") may be one of the great understatements of our time.

More significant is the premise on which Trudeau seems to be basing his policies: "We have to sit ourselves," he has said several times in defense of his do-nothing posture, "if we want more jobs or more Canadian ownership." Most Canadians prefer to have a job and a steady income, even if many of them are working for foreign-dominated companies.

This is hardly a realistic argument. There is no longer a clear correlation between foreign investment and economic growth. For one thing, Canada already suffers from the highest unemployment rate of any industrialized country in each area though we also have more foreign money invested per capita in our borders than any nation that still calls itself independent. The *Grey Report* on which government policy is supposed to be based clearly documented the ways in which foreign subsidiaries work against patterning domestic employment opportunities by "importing" a large and growing proportion of their purchases of goods and services from foreign buyers. Canada, at the moment, is no Canadian nation-state, being a patchwork of atoms who are replicating the cause for their own ethnic minorities, but has ever suggested that Canada exclude foreign control. What most Canadians are anti-American about are issues that most Americans themselves are anti-American about — the Vietnam war, urban decay, social tensions, etc. The goal of the modern nationalists is gradually and without evidence to regain control of our economic life, our educational and cultural institutions, so that they operate in our own, and not somebody else's national interest.

What we are witnessing instead is the nadir episode (as chronicled by Christine Newman in her article, *Growing Up Reluctantly*, starting on page 31) of a government refusing to defend our borders.

Fortunately, there is a very different spirit abroad among people, especially the young people of this country. What this new consciousness is all about is a slowly discovering itself, attempting at long last to perceive itself in terms of its own rather than imported values. At last we are celebrating what we already are instead of what we could be. This trend is documented in the article *Left With Ourselves*, which begins on page 23. You can't have a first-rate politics without a first-rate culture. Hopefully, if we develop more of the latter, we may even get some of the former. But, in any case, we're long past the stage where we can accept the know-nothing concept of a "King Kong."

MACLEAN'S

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BY JOHN GRAY



Robert Bourassa

There has seldom been more obvious satisfaction than that shown by Pierre Trudeau shortly after the election of Robert Bourassa as premier of Quebec little more than two years ago. The election, said the Prime Minister, was "a mandate to make sure that federalism does well in Quebec. This is our chance to dispel the confusion of the past year."

The days of confusion, the constant friction between Quebec City and Ottawa, the demands of Jean Lesage and Daniel Johnson and Jean-Jacques Bertrand, had buried the federal government for a decade. It was Trudeau's mandate to end this confusion. Now, with Bourassa, he would have a chance to prove that Quebec goes better with federalism — and he would be able to prove it on his own terms.

For about six months the two Liberal governments seemed to be traveling the same happy path. Communications between the two capitals were smooth. Bourassa had been offered a plan, form of what he called "practical federalism." Trudeau had every reason to be content. The federal Liberals had never been as enthusiastic about Bourassa as a person, but he was the only person in Ottawa that the Ottawa people were prepared to play with on any question.

It was at best a marriage of convenience. In such relationships there is but little chance of love and a decreasing prospect of convenience. Everything began to noticeably strain during the FLQ crisis of October, 1970. At events unfolded, federal ministers in Ottawa began privately to describe Bourassa as weak and his cabinet as indecisive.

The consensus gave the impression that the Quebec premier was regarded more as a dithering than a cherished partner. The only time such attitudes surfaced publicly came last spring, during an ambiguous interview in which the Prime Minister suggested that the Bourassa government was weak and unstable. After angry words from Quebec City, Trudeau explained to reporters that he himself had been taken out of context. But he was careful not to deny the idea that the Bourassa team was weak and unstable.

A problem more fundamental than personalities emerged a few months after the FLQ crisis. The Minister of Social Affairs, Claude Castonguay, remonstrated the inaction of successive Quebec governments that they may have contributed to social unrest over social policies.

There has always been good logic on both sides of the federal-political question. It makes sense to try to create a coordinated and complete social policy for the whole of Canada. It makes sense to argue that there is a need to be an expression of certain minimum social standards across the country for which only a federal government can legislate — and also that Ottawa should be a change donee as well as an enforcer.

The Castonguay position captured the fragile appearance of the co-operation reached in Victoria in 1971. A temporary patchwork compromise was worked out in the following year and would have been announced in May, but Finance Minister Jim Flaherty abruptly raised old age pension benefits, and Castonguay decided he could not live with that kind of unilateral federalism. He was ousted only by resigning by Bourassa, but the compromise went down the drain, at least for the moment and relations became even more embittered.

Castonguay has gone out of his way to assure everyone that he is not supporting a manifesto of Quebec autonomy. The logic of a strong and self-contained Quebec is not identical to a strong federal government. But Quebec, he says, must have the power to satisfy its own unique cultural and social imperatives.

That kind of autonomy is unfamiliar to Trudeau; it defies his whole political philosophy. He has described Castonguay in private as a dangerous nationalist and he was recently angry enough to dismiss one of Castonguay's statements as *chasser le maestro* — best translated as *kick the teacher*.

The position of Bourassa himself is all that is capricious. He is accorded to Castonguay's position, but unlike his predecessor he has been sincere in his public dealings with Ottawa. Communications between the two capitals at least continue to be efficient, if not warm.

Some of Trudeau's senior officials regard Bourassa's nationalism as a short-term accommodation. Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that the relationship between Quebec and Ottawa is slipping back and more into the style of the past. The constitutional arrangement of powers and the functions of successive bureaus are more and more restricted, and publicly reversed, by Quebec. The provinces are devolving in ever problems, and arriving at their own solutions, and that proves a growing irritation to a kind of centralized force that imperceptibly frustates.

Castonguay is not alone in the Quebec cabinet. Jean-Paul L'Allier wants to control communications in the province, and Jean Cournoyer announced he would step into federal jurisdiction in the winterfruit strike in Montreal. Quebec and Trent Rivière "is my privilege to tackle a problem, which is located in Quebec just as [Trudeau] does for Ontario."

And Industry and Commerce Minister Guy St. Pierre warned that Quebec must produce more oil, export more wheat through its ports, and sell its imported pharmaceutical products in areas now protected for Canadian oil before harmony could be restored between Quebec and Ottawa. By any reading of economic history and federalism, St. Pierre's claims are absurd but Ottawa ministers were more shocked because that had thought St. Pierre was too safe.

Ironically, as relations between the two governments grow more strained, the two leaders remain political prisoners of each other. Quebec is still the uninvited problem of Confederation, and Trudeau's reputation rests on his claim that he can solve it. For that, he will need Bourassa's help and cooperation.

Conversely, Bourassa depends on Trudeau to help him regain respectability for federalism in Quebec and to help Quebec in its economic stability.

So, as the months go by, the marriage of convenience between Pierre Trudeau and Robert Bourassa begins to look increasingly like the product of a shotgun wedding. However, as Trudeau himself admitted after Bourassa's election in 1970, "it's up to us to get together and prove that federalism can work."

But now, unlike past years, neither partner is prepared to admit such a gloomy state of affairs. For, unlike the past, the main opposition party in Quebec is now the Parti Québécois. If the marriage goes on the rocks, René Lévesque will make off with the dowry. ■

John Gray is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery

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THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC

BY ANN CHARNEY

The Quebec film industry, almost nonexistent a decade ago, has come into its own. In the last few years, it has developed into a significant artistic and political force. As is the case with all the arts in Quebec, no progress reflects the new artistic consciousness of this province.

There are more films being made here than ever before. These include sex and semi-indoctrinative thrillers, heroic versions of growing up Quebecois and contemporary "films" in search of roles and stories. These Quebec films are finding enthusiastic audiences in popular theaters. The industry has come a long way from the "art" theaters in which it started.

The opening of a new Quebec film is an important occasion. Halfway between a family celebration and a self-consciously parodic of a Hollywood premiere, it invariably becomes, regardless of the film, a popular event, a communal event. The people in the audience applaud each other. They are themselves their landscapes, their language, their customs, their problems, in color, up there on the big screen, stripped of the exterior and clichés with which they were traditionally presented. Suddenly it all seems beautiful in a new way. Quebecois is beautiful, say the films, and the audience sees it in the image.

Most Quebec film makers are too busy working to worry about where recognition will come to them from outside Quebec. For some, such as Jean-Pierre Lefebvre, the existence of Quebec films is a potential source of the industry's richness and variety. At 31, his prolific output is impressive. He has made a feature-length film of his own and produced 15 for other directors. His company, Cinéka, is in production of two of this year's Canadian films and director of the two, Gérard Menant and Gérard, with their extremely modest upper budgets, which also serve as the headquarters for Canadian film.

Everything about Lefebvre — his films, his company, his ideas, his conversations — reflects the inventiveness and vigor of the Quebec film industry. He talks of film art with the customary dualism of the artist as an isolated and indifferent seer but with the enthusiasm of a man whose work and whose inner life form a satisfactory end.

Plausibly it would like our films to have a wider audience, but I suspect it is a political problem and not so much an artistic one. Quebec film cannot be stronger than Quebec itself. The two have evolved together. It's not a coincidence that the rise of the Quebec film industry dates from the beginning of the Quiet Revolution.

For Lefebvre, the problems of making films in Quebec are tied to this province's particular situation. As a result he feels best equipped with this mission elsewhere in Canada. "There can be very little contact between English-Canadian and French-Canadian film makers because our problems and perspectives are different. The English film maker has a choice between the art and commerce, the French the big system, the Hollywood type of production. We do not have these choices. Our only possible audience is in Quebec. We have to invent our own methods and techniques or we go elsewhere. We cannot rely on the kind of discovery or support that film makers receive elsewhere."

"This event has left this imprint on all of us," Lefebvre adds. "What I hope for is that we will have our own film industry." The present director of *Le Film du Québec* Bertrand Léveillé, sees the audience at the end of the films with great in hand.

"These events have left their imprint on all of us," Lefebvre adds. "What I hope for is that we will have our own film industry."

It seems quite clear that the Quebec film industry, through people like Lefebvre and others, is doing just that. ■



In his own work, Lefebvre has shown great ingenuity in making films with meager resources. He made his first feature length film, *Le Rêveur*, in 1965 for \$20,000. The film created a great deal of controversy at the time, but it since become a classic of the Quebec cinema. A steady succession of films followed, some quite elaborate in comparison with the first one. *Le Mandat* (1970), for example, made at \$70,000, cost more than \$100,000 and it is Lefebvre's most expensive film. He followed it immediately by *Le Mandat* (1971), which was made in three days for less than \$15,000.

Lefebvre has made films privately, through the National Film Board, and with the help of the Canadian Film Development Corporation. All of these channels, he believes, are valid for different films. "It seems to me that if you want to make films against the system, that you have to make it outside the system. If you want to make an art-impresario film you don't go in the Film Board or CFDC. When I wanted to make *Q-Sac* (1970), I knew I had to use other resources. Fighting those institutions is a false problem. The difficulties we encounter are tied to the problem of Quebec as a whole. That is the real issue for us."

Lefebvre's films have been shown in many countries and they have been widely praised at different film festivals. The day we sat on his sofa to speak of his past film, *Aliénor*, attention was focused on *Le Mandat* (1970), which was to be shown at Cannes this day.

Lefebvre feels that this film — made entirely with friends — is so good that it will make a real trend in Quebec film. Louis Malle, writing in the *Paris Match* (July 11), predicts that the Cannes audience will demand that the film be shown with French subtitles and in dialogue, the anger of the French working class in Montreal, which they found "charming" and "giant," was on evidence considered too obscure for French audiences. Discussion of the film at the press conference which followed the screening quickly evolved into a heated exposition of some of Quebec's problems, with the actors and the director debating the language of the film.

Film makers like Lefebvre or Denis Arcand, whose indelicate film *Die Hard with a Gun* (1971), has been withdrawn from circulation by the NFB for whom it was made, are very conscious of the political implications of their work. Lefebvre mentions, for example, that there have been no films made in Quebec on the October 1970 kidnappings while at least two are being planned by English film studios. "It's one thing to observe ours, and another to be ours. Our feelings come through in a more diffuse manner. All the films made here since the crisis have been affected by it."

It is without significance, perhaps, that the three Quebec films shown at Cannes deal with violence, the violence ordinary people experience in the face of a society that often threatens them. The present director of *Le Film du Québec* Bertrand Léveillé, sees the audience at the end of the films with guns in their hands.

"These events have left their imprint on all of us," Lefebvre adds. "What I hope for is that we will have our own film industry."

It seems quite clear that the Quebec film industry, through people like Lefebvre and others, is doing just that. ■

ANN CHARNEY is a Montreal writer.

BY WILLIAM GOLD



Peter Lougheed

Alberta is prosperous. The average personal income of its citizens is the third highest in the country, after Ontario and British Columbia. The oil wells are symbolic, tall, efficient temples of money, rising from the plains. Albertans love power, power. During the negotiations, build something.

That dynamism, that sense of manifest expansion, was at the core of the Social Credit government that ran Alberta for 36 years. E. C. Manning represented it, and so did Harry Stinson, men who thought like engineers, who took no back talk from academics, who ran the province like an industrial empire. And then, just two years ago, it all started to come apart. The prognosis had changed, the assumptions no longer held up. Albertans had begun to feel that there was something wrong, even something evil about the Alberta dream of power. Power gone.

Stom, certainly, knew that something mysterious was moving in the distance, and he tried frantically to find a way to put the Social Credit government in touch with the new feeling. Second thoughts about power in Alberta? Well, give them environmental, maybe we'll do it. And so – there descended the Environment Committee of Alberta.

The ECA didn't win the Social Credit government, of course. The sudden enlightenment was just a little too late to be true. And so when Peter Lougheed's Conservatives took over, some parts of the old Social Credit administrative machine were dismantled. The ECA, however, stayed. Lougheed knew the impulse that had helped give him power.

The ECA started in 1979 in a short-term political lifespan of a dying government. It has become a central part of the program of the new government. Lougheed and his environment minister, William Yarbro from Edmonton, have given the ECA the power to pull environmental and industrialization into public hearings, which then knock their heads together, and then propose tough government intervention.

Progress. In one sense the ECA is a gothic body, it has no power to force anyone to clean up the environment. It is an advisory tribunal, a intermediary between the public and the government. And it's got to be seen even how well the ECA will do that. Its chairman, Walter R. Trout – a former vice-president of the University of Calgary – has yet to issue his first significant report. Furthermore, the ECA doesn't really look impressive – it has a budget of less than \$400,000 a year, a staff of less than 20, and a small suite of offices in the Workmen's Compensation Building in Edmonton.

At the same time, the philosophy behind ECA, as articulated by Lougheed and Yarbro, is a lot more radical than anyone in Alberta had a right to expect. They have and they think that policies should be forced to fit their own aims, laws are being prepared to deal with environmental lobbies and laws, and a lot of water policies, warning other dug-ups, and there will be no environmental incentives for polluters to clean up – no tax write-offs for the costs of pollution control mechanisms, for example. Clean up or pack up, that's it.

There's a fairly extreme line for a government to take on the environmental issue, particularly on a frontier that cases in property to the oil and gas, and the ECA seems a least modestly designed to prevent the government from backing off. It amounts to a load of in-house government lobbies, with a mandate to find out what's wrong in any area of environmental concern, investigate it, conduct a research on it, find out what people think about it, and then report the results of it all

to the government and to the voters or about the same issue.

In other words, the Lougheed government has created a kind of high-level pipeline for bucking about the environment. Trout's job is now at the deputy minister level, and he can be fired only by the cabinet. In other words, any skirmishing with the ECA will be publicly visible. There is certainly nothing else like it in Alberta, and although other governments have created ministers of the environment, some of them have been given quite the same kind of formal political freedom and protection that's built into the Environment Conservation Authority.

So, potentially, ECA could be important in a political and an environmental adventure. It has already proved to be a lively forum for public discussion. Recent hearings dealt with strip-mining operations on Mount Robson, in the Rockies on the Bow River, strip-mining being just get underway in Alberta, and if it were allowed to proceed uncontrolled it could ruin large areas of the provincial wilderness. At the hearings, the miners and the environmentalists got into violent and highly publicized arguments. The ECA's report on the situation is due shortly, and there will be considerable pressure on the Lougheed government to act strongly, or to back down.

And the ECA has helped fuel more of the same, hearings and reports on the environmental aspect of sulphur plants, forest utilization, herbicides pesticides, and liquid chemicals. The ECA will be looking at issues of the province that are already in ecological trouble – Cranbrook Pass, the Strathcona industrial corridor near Edmonton, and Cooking Lake. Finally, the ECA will start examining the real industrial base of the provincial economy – the oil and gas industry.

The ultimate test of the ECA, however, will be its political performance. For it is a real innovation in government, an attempt to provide some realisation after all the rhetoric about "participatory democracy." It's ironic that the experiment was started by a Social Credit government, and the mannerism it supplied by a Progressive Conservative one, very little of the way of alternative forms of government has been coming out of Ottawa lately, and very few that have expressed Alberta much.

If the ECA experiment works – if Trout and his colleagues can force the Lougheed government to do things it otherwise wouldn't have done – then the experiment will be a success. And if that happens, there will be other environmental and social concerns that might benefit from the same structure: official lobbies on behalf of the poor, native people, women and others. And that hasn't had enough political clout to deal with the lobbies of the corporations and the industrialists.

Pollution, like poverty, regional disparity and foreign investment, one of these problems only a strong federal government is supposed to be able to handle. That's what federalism is for, or at least that's what we've always been told. If a provincial approach to the national problem of the environment turns out better than anything Ottawa can come up with, it might be time to rethink that assumption.

None of this is likely to happen in a hurry, of course. But it's interesting and even a little warning to think of Alberta, the cradle of Social Credit, as a laboratory of participatory democracy and social reform, sort of, a little bit maybe, in time. ■

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Progress Report

TransCanada PipeLines recently passed two significant corporate milestones –

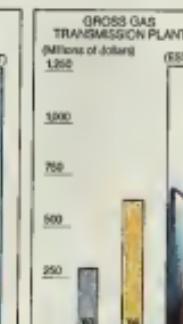
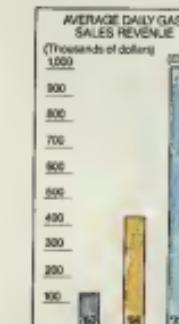
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From *First Contact*,
that his peace The Noble Defender
Should be Guarded (March) until I read
What Next Mardon to Her Power
(June).

My only criticism is his intransigence
to face in the first place her name
was not Mardon, it was MacDonald.
God knows what her first name was.
I doubt if the had one and if she did no
body would have dared use it. Secondly
she taught grade two in Waterloo, Ontario.
She didn't grade three in Bridgewater,
Nova Scotia. There couldn't have been two men
besides the historian gives her away.
That's Mac MacDonald and my grade
two class.

G. B. LUFT KITCHENER, ONT.

A fan's notes

I have recently read such an efficient
persuasion as Prof. Paul Theroux's
panegyric on Leonard Cohen — *Answers*
[last Month's *Book Lesson* Cohen article].
I have never been a fan of this
man either as a poet or as a person,
but I wish most people I know
and I can't believe he might be quite a
pleasant person.

So first I read the cover photograph
and then the clothed person on page
seventeen. My immediate visual impression
that this person can only be a datory
harmless, boring misery cannot be denied.
But the source often lies so I turn
to Salzman's article immediately. The
pathos of his struggle to get Cohen to
talk suddenly hits me hard. I cheer up
when I realize that Cohen doesn't mind
or want the publicity. In fact he can
certainly tolerate being noticed. And I
am greatly encouraged when Salzman
tries to his journalistic duty, passes on
and finally corners Cohen in his hotel
room being compelled to spend some
time on a balcony while his subject pre-

dicts himself. Then the interview! I am
blown away! What! Whether he means it
or not Salzman makes Cohen's amiable
bowed friendly people seem about as
welcoming as a deflulated washroom.
Perhaps if this poet sweeps himself in a
permanent state of polypharyngia his
audience will make easily recognizable
his muted poems and be able to keep them
distant. Cohen might even find it longer
use of that excuse.

One wonders if Cohen's attitude
toward friendly people has changed at
all since the days: "When I was living
in a beautiful house on a Greek island...
and when... 'I can't imagine anyone living better'... and when
... I was living on about \$1000 a
year."

Cohen then reveals a strange
gesture of humility when he ignores
the interviewer and says: "I just very
baptizant days, very lonely." Why not say
nothing beyond a Greek island again.
Cohen — and not Salzman with just
"just interposing" — you understand.
But Leonard Cohen helps this to his
last interview.

So do I.

JOHN BUNNIES ST. JOHN'S

Silent running

Thank you for *Why The Media Whistleblow*:
The Mystery in Kitchener (June). Michael
Perrow's body language of the history
of the people of Kitchener
against the naive media who thought
lightly of keeping silent certain stories.
His in-depth chronology of events spans
over my eyes, being a believer in The
Downtown Renaissance Project. Prof.
Peter C. Newman too should receive
some praise for his well-written *Why
There Are No Stories* [in the same issue].
Keith Devlin's quote should be printed
again for those misguided people in

Kitchener who are members of the news
media.

Thank you again for your concern.
(MRS.) JOANNE WADE KITCHENER, ONT.

* You are back in my good graces again. Peter C. Newman, Your views
"Trade Just Isn't The Best Defense," & "It's
The Only One" — *View From Here* [June] —
is the most important step to help a
country retain democratic principles,
while working to make a more fair form of
democracy. I thoroughly enjoyed your
viewpoint — that is putting it mildly. I
feel good inside.

ULI TOPFERIN, TRANTFORD, ONT.

The true believer

While an wholehearted agreement with
Richard Whalen's *The View From The
Machines* [June], I find that he almost
ignores one of the most important factors
helping to perpetuate the conditions
which he describes: the role of the Mass
media press. Indeed, his view together
with Steve Keith Davy's article, *Why
The Media Whistleblow: The Message Is
Kitchener* [June], and the good-bye to
you-who-know-who creates an intriguing
juxtaposition.

The Devine Report on the Mass Media
suggested as the major criterion for
journalistic excellence the preparation of
a readership for social change, and
implied that the Mass media press does not
do it terribly well. This is crucial; it is
not done. Period.

The time is always vaguely 1958, when the begin of beauty is the start of
the first mass media press. Coming
around the end of a decade of colonial
American government, a proper
government is in power, and we can
look forward to a decade of unparalleled
industrial expansion in the Mass
media — may even catch up to Ontario.
They're having some problems with
their dams, giggers across the border,
but we keep our French in their
place, peripheries. Besides, there's a royal
tour coming, isn't there?

It is through perspectives such as these
that we Martians are expected to understand
the horrors of Vietnam, Trudeau's federalism, Natoconomics, the
new Canadian national awareness, the
role of the multi-national corporation,
the concern with the environment, and
Lo Park Academy. A Martian either is
compelled to supplement (which should
go without saying) or become a True
Believer. That, when the San Jose
Futurists are asked what they mean by
"In The Foothills Days" it usually is
stated that in duly conditioning will
not the desired response.

In an age when unplanned
industrialization is being called increasingly
into question, the Martian press
continued on page 18

INSIDE MACLEAN'S

There is a whole string of about this country —
about any country — that only a poet can
describe. Poets move out into the peripheries
of life a little further than the rest of us
crystallize their discoveries and bring them
back.

Allen Lowman does just that. His piece on
St. John's [June] [page 10] is an
example of distilled perception. He finds and
puts into words those thoughts and shapes
that occur to the mind — if at all — well
below the surface of the conscious mind.

In other words, good writing. And *Connors*
is himself a good writer, a better kind, it
is true, who writes and sings in the gut of
the country. *Mothers* [June] is a collection of
memorable poems by two men who have
lived in their homes, and who have
enjoyed and enjoyed the way we think
about Canada, about each other, about the
way people work and should be.

That is, to a certain extent, what this issue is
about. We've tried, and are trying, to get to
the artists of this country, to turn them loose.

It is however, hard to paint these discoveries.
We've had, on the preceding pages by Fred
Borden, David Bercuson, Andrew
Cameron, Steve Chaitin, Rob Gagnon,
Rudnick, Ray Higgs, Hugh Head, Harold
Howard, Bill Howlett, George Jones, Irving
Linton, Jean LeMoine, John Letford, Hugh
McLean, Edward McCullagh, Brian Macle
Maurice Moles, Farley Mowat, Desmond
Pey, H. Pudy, Ray Smith, William Strange
Philip Web, George Woodcock, and here
presents a third with a more formal style. *Chris
Horn*, *Coughtry* and *Robert Miner*.

None of this, of course, is in any ground for
self-congratulation; the creation is a natural
or obvious thing for a magazine to do.
For me perhaps, even more than other media,
should make connections between hidden
depth and the mainstream of the country's
thought, and should bring hidden artis to the
attention of the country.

It is other words, good writing. And *Connors*

is a discoverer, and to paint these discoveries
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C.J. NEWMAN'S CANADA

Inside the longest
unfenced border

The place that Nikolai and I grew up in was more like a border really. But, what you might call a country. Sometimes we thought of it as the border between the United States and India, or between yesterday and tomorrow, but in reality it was Canada itself, "the longest undefended border in the world." Everything that we did and around the border — and I mean not only the kids, but everything the adults did, too — had a provincial quality to it, as if people making ready to move to another country or state of mind. Both of the border fringes had a behind-the-scenes look about them, and the people were mostly untroubled, as if they had done what they were doing in case someone had noticed and flattened out.

If you walked around behind the border you saw what looked like pretty tall and pointy trees, like aspens, spindled under the sun, and pretty brown. But you knew that most of them was very real. Between any apparently rolling hill and the next there was nothing but bare aspangled sage flats. The lakes looked like mirrors or mats of the sun, but they were painted on straight up and down, and glorified as an audience that was turned the other way.

The people we grew up with lived on the border every day of their lives. I mean actually as well as every other way. They were edge, that is, and at the same time slow — as if in no hurry to content themselves and they could not what was going to happen next. These didn't seem much that you can, or would want to do about the world, that you is when the people who chose go as making such a racket off the trail, and seem to be threatening to break down the door.

There is a quality of living on the border about as mysterious, I think. As teenagers we were forever talking to each other about the things that we were going to become, and about what we had already, succeeded in leaving behind. At 16 or 17 I knew already that I wanted to be a writer, and Nikolai, from so even earlier age, wanted to be a preacher. But both of us, I think, understood what was the hidden vibration beneath our separate ambitions. We were going to move people, we were going to

shock them, we would be powerful, and famous. Being famous is a妙境, in as every age there is above all one nationality to be. For us, unquestionably, that was American. The lowest American like the lowest white man in the South or the lowest German in Hitler Germany, had more power than anyone who belonged to a dependent state. And we felt how dependent we were, as adolescents, in Canada. One day we would escape all that, we would move — would have to move — off the border.

But it was not, I understood now, only we adolescents who talked or thought about making a move, about changing our state. Grown-ups talked about it, too, most of all those who could be thought to have arrived before us and to have prepared the camp — our political leaders, our businessmen, our teachers and communicators, our artists — they talked about it more than anyone. Was there such a thing as a Canadian identity (but who was talking), should we defend ourselves against a U.S. take-over — or was it, as one [Border] document argued, defined himself? Two nations? One nation? Or no nation at all?

Eventually Nikolai left and went to live and preach to the States, with no more reservation. I wished him well. It was not for me to ask if he knew what he was leaving behind. And in one sense, I knew very well. It was all those questions of becoming that did not let you be. It was the answer — and even, I believe, the rewards — of living the examined life, the reconstructed life, in 10 pavements, two nations, and along some 3,000 miles of undefended border. The continual ask of how we was going to change things, how we were going to change our ways, our rule, even our climate, until you understood that talk of change was just our way of not doing anything more.

Only people talk a lot about changing their ways, too. Or not easily, perhaps exactly, but those who are afraid they might be crazy as they try to altogether change the way of the world is crazy. There's something pathetic about the search of that kind of talk.

About searching to know who you are all the time.

And not being sure.

So many of the people I knew, however, who talked of such things, had a kind of weariness about them and forlornness, too, like people standing in line who don't know what it's for, but know that there's nothing else to do. And from continually questioning at something for way, I don't think they saw any more what was under their feet. The border, for instance. But they knew it was there, all the same. ■

C.J. Newman is editor of *Hot Agents*, New York City. Our thanks to the author for his permission to publish this piece. He currently is writing on the *Longest Line*, a book about the border between the U.S. and Canada. He can be reached at the Creative Writing Dept. at 1665





For people with a taste for something better.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ST. JAMES

GROWING UP RELUCTANTLY

By Christina Newman

How a political system failed:
the birth and brutal death of the New Nationalism

On the first Tuesday in May this year, just before five o'clock in the afternoon, the Prime Minister of Canada left his office on Parliament Hill wearing in his lapel a flower plucked from the Governor General's greenhouse and at his elbow his Minister of National Revenue, a lawyer from Windsor, Ontario, named Herb Gray who is in his early forties now but has something of the high-school nerd about him still, a certain air of diffident stamp-palmed shyness.

Gray is a long way from being among the Prime Minister's circle of intimates and the special privilege accorded him on this occasion — that of walking a few hundred yards in the glowing presence of the Leader — was due to the fact that he was about to stand up in the House of Commons and read aloud from the text of the government's long-awaited bill on foreign ownership of the Canadian economy.

Inside the chamber, the MPs were quiet in their seats in heavy anticipation and the galleries above them were filled with the curious because the bill had been postponed for many months and was meant to give some clue not just to the Liberals' policy on this tortuously complicated subject but to the country's future.

Intriguingly enough, the doubles and debaters in the crowd were little less of hopeful Canadian nationalists and one of them said afterward, "I'd been telling myself all day not to expect too much but even so, Gray closed on. I began to feel as though somebody was hitting me in the face with a wad of old *White Papers*. It took me several hours — until after I'd seen Gray and Jean-Luc Pepin [the Minister of Industry] run through their strong defense of the bill on television — before I could really define my outrage. It wasn't just that,



after all these years of protest and all those learned studies showing just how much we're under the American thumb, the government was refusing to do any more than make a token acknowledgment of the whole problem. They actually seemed proud of themselves for putting forward a policy designed to efficiently sell us out."

In the next few weeks this outrage was echoed by a number of official and unofficial spokesmen for the various nationalist factions in the country and disseminated at home and abroad by individual continentalists who've never had to form into factions because in their hearts they've always known they were right.

But there were those of us who thought that what the economy should feel for the government in general for putting forward this bill, and for Mr. Gray in particular for reading it, was gratitude. Because in that few minutes and with that diatribe speech, the Minister was able to freeze the Liberal ethos for a moment and peel off a Polaroid snapshot of it, showing us all how this country's government works and where it stands.

The trouble was that to really appreciate the picture you had to have a long memory and an understanding of the subtle absurdities of contemporary Canadian politics.

You had to know that in this election year, when for a show of independence the nation had taken hold of the collective Canadian psyche in a way that four or five years ago nobody would have believed possible, the issue is still regarded in Ottawa as at best a bore and at worst an affront.

You had to realize that in surging the task of reviewing our policies on foreign investment in the first

place to Herb Gray, one of the most junior of his ministers, the Prime Minister was, as one of the senior bureaucrats in Ottawa expressed it, "vocally sending a boy on a strong man's errand."

You had to recognize that for the preceding six months, the Canadian government had been playing loose with the American Treasury Department in a desperate desire to placate both the Nixon administration, which was making tough trade demands on us, and the American business interests in Canada, who own most of this country's industrial and natural resources and control the bulk of the election campaign funds available to the old-line parties.

Most important of all, you had to remember that the Liberal Party has operated with enormous success for more than 40 years on the theory that the pace of power is accommodation and there is no way that taking a strong stand on behalf of Canadian independence can be construed as an accomodating idea.

Liberals politicians, and the liberal mandarins who see their alter egos and the source of their policy statements, still regard any display of patriotic fervor as illogical, immature and maybe even ill-mannered. In this attitude they're the writing section of a cartoon about Canada that still has a grip on most members of the generation now in charge here: that this is somehow a maddly embarrasing country to belong to, a backwater whose chief motivation should be to "catch up" with what is going on elsewhere and to be careful, oh so careful not to offend anybody in the meantime.

The roots of this attitude lie in our history as an adjunct to two empires in our educational system and in our own heads. One sometimes suspects that the secret dream of every ambitious Canadian who grew up in the Thirties and Forties and Fifties was to be a Canadian. This was true of Canadian painters and writers who whiled away their hopes talking about international standards, Venice Biennales and New York successes and Canadian intellectuals who needed degrees from Harvard and Oxford and the London School, the way plumbers need union cards. And it was true still of Canadian businessmen who's always spoken with awe about American know-how, American capital and the American dream. But it was true of all of Canadian bureaucrats and politicians of the elite mold — members of the Ottawa establishment or whatever you want to call that good grey group of people who've run this country for decades and who run it still, though the country has long since moved away from them and exists beyond the walled city of their lives and the limited calculations of their vision. To ask such people to defend Canada is to them to defend a country they've struggled for years to transcend. Most of them are prone, as Morley Callaghan expresses it, to spend their days "playing the role of colonel," existing as pale ghosts of other countries' cultures, meeting the standards of other peoples' lives. The essence of what is Canadian in them

has been educated out, so that official Ottawa still views benignly the odd sprawl of a highly placed civil servant, born a Saskatchewan station agent's son, talking and living now as though he'd spent his childhood basking in the civil literacy of leftover high-table talk, the household of an Oxford donmained of delivering papers on dusty prairie streets, spiced by the determination to get the hell out of there as fast as a Rhodes scholarship and the CPR could carry him. If you could persuade such a man to admit his secret dream he'd probably say it was to be Head of the Home Civil Service in Whitehall. And you can extend the secret dream syndrome to just about every public figure, French or English, we've ever produced. Think of it: Louis Pearson wanting to be Dag Hammarskjöld, Gérard Pelletier visualizing himself as André Malraux, Bud Deary reincarnated as Sir David Onley-Gore, René Lévesque as George Wallace, Eric Kierans as Eugene McCarthy and Pierre Trudeau as — Oh God knows, some kind of combination of Jean-Paul Sartre, Lord Acton and the Mahatma of Mystery.

This diffused image that our leaders have of themselves and their country was distinctly evident in the statement Herb Gray made that day in May — a statement that amounted to nothing more than a promise that the cabinet would make secret undefined instruments of proposed take-overs of Canadian companies to see whether they were in the national interest, a move calculated not to offend anybody in Akron, Ohio, let alone Washington, DC.

But the fact that the Liberals were forced into making any kind of statement about our foreign ownership problem, however paltry, reflected the demands made by the new nationalists, a determined and growing group of Canadians who have come to represent a countervailing force against the neo-colonial pragmatism that's been the old liberal's hallmark. What this group has set out to do is to cast some kind of strong light on the Canadian identity before it disappears into Barber Day, to try to convince the country's leaders that we have a right, as the movement's leading intellectual Abraham Rotman expresses it, "to interfere in our own internal affairs" to show that after a century of living as British Englishmen and hassled Americans it's all right to be plain Canadians at last.

It's not that the new nationalists are all progressive visionaries or even that they're all like-minded. But in the last two or three years nationalism has developed from a fringe cause espoused by a few dedicated eccentrics into a popular movement that's down to its banner. Canadians of diverse backgrounds and disparate sexualities — queut professors turned radical fliers, upper caste poets writing exhortatory stanzas, middle-class Marquis coming奔走 ones, big-time lawyers, small-time publishers, old men tired of rewriting Molière's *Avant* slogan, ecologists dismayed by absentee owners' criminal abuse of natural resources, peace-mongers, farmers fed up with the American land grab, folk singers grown fat on . . . *continued on page 59*

LEFT WITH OURSELVES

How a people triumphed:
the emergence and celebration of the New Canuckism

HOW can you measure the time it takes to discover a country to discover itself? How many miles does it take to express an idea? What is the distance between feelings? Canada has always been too much a part of the imagination, for simple definitions. When, for the first time, Jacques Cartier sailed up the St. Lawrence he wondered whether this was "the land God gave to Cain" Mike Nichols, while making a film in Vancouver, suggested that Atlantic forgot Canada and "buy the garter ale elsewhere." Such sights are endured by Canadians because they like to live in their country first and talk about it second. And living is the opposite of expressing. (There are some jack pots in our experience than Tom Thomson could ever give us.)

So Mike Nichols might not understand, but we've never had an image as right for us as the star of *Jesus of the Rocks* Brothers' son of Madison Avenue. If the truth was known (and we don't like to confront the truth), we've always secretly believed that an image is really nothing more than the art of self-deception. Spoons, for one, realized that all things strive to persist in their own nature. The tree eternally wishes to be a tree — the beaver, a beaver. They are no high and low cultures. Just true ones.

About five years ago something was let loose in the consciousness of this country. A new awareness was in ascendancy in all the regions. This fresh sensitivity was beginning to make connections in the matrix of the cities. The message turned out to be the realization that men only truly express themselves in harmony with their land. As until the people came to that understanding first and the politicians, lost within Ottawa's amnesia, just never caught up.

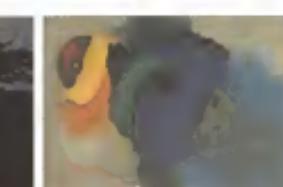
"We've been awakened from a deep sleep, shocked to



discover that while we slept we embraced our rapists with open arms, ahead tenderly. Our astonishing dependence on the mothers across the ocean and below the border had left us as impotent as a pacific nuclear attack. Much of what we once had was gone and we are now starting to cling to what is left.

In 1967, Expo showed us that maybe we were 20 million people worth saving. A year later, during the apocalyptic months of 1968, Camelot collapsed and left us alone with ourselves whether we liked it or not. Men on TV became foreign for the first time to tell us that Martin Luther King was dead and that Robert Kennedy was dead and that what was left of our share of the American Dream was the rage and the deadness in Vietnam and on the streets of Chicago. We started to see the thin distinctions that separate the givers from the losers. The changes of these past years have shaped us as much as any time in our not so extravagant history.

Today, right now, there is a new mood alive in the land — a different kind of Canuckism — a celebration of what we already are rather than what we could be. The failure of America is the failure of impersonal centralization and we've always felt the regions more deeply than the head offices. Our decentralization is a fail of our cultural spirit. Or so we keep telling ourselves. And someone's listening (20,000 Americans emigrated to Canada last year). On the next six pages Marlowe examines what the New Canadian is and where it came from. But, first, remember that Pierre Laporte is dead and remember what Spoons said. And remember that truck's running out. And remember that we can import values but we can't import values. And remember that Canada will be here tomorrow but your dreams won't. Or is it the other way around?



OLD
Tom Thomson told us that the Canadian bush wasn't the English country-side. That despite what writer Maxine de la Roche and painter B. C. Telford would have had us believe

TRANSITION
After the Group Of Seven we read that the bush must be experienced as the art experience of Thomson and the real-life experiences of his beloved Northern Ontario Magnetawan River Stone. Raynor

Ernest painter Gordon Raynor transferred the art influences of Thomson and the real-life experiences of his beloved Northern Ontario Magnetawan River Stone. Raynor turned the land into bush impressionistic landscape paintings. They took the idea of North Canada to a mythological place in the head and soul of the nation.



YOURS

Stephen Lanskop made an chuckle file. He wants to change another dog. Emeralde, who wouldn't finish the bone. And won't eat much when the Marquis Belle went down? Dear laugh her hard, very old scoldling. You have to be in hell by me.



OLD

The Vivian and Shuster Hall of Fame. They showed us that Savoy. They could make it all the way to the Ed Sullivan Show. How naive you dots the Cliff commercial gen now.

TRANSITION



Terry Molner (Avant) shows us that we can get downright angry. Satire is both more serious and longer than the Marquis Belle going down. He made the laugher count a little tougher. Stephen's a guy isn't going to be the same.



NEW

Quobone. Avant from nationality what do Marshall McLuhan, Master Calefornia and David Clayton Thomas have in common?

Answer: They have or can mean what is all over me in this country (apostrophe). They are academic species and McLuhan has never been comfortable with popularity. That's because apostrophe means change and we all know what change equals. Change disrupts the status quo and Canadians have never liked their conformance period with. When McLuhan's revolutionary voice finally made a reverberating enter national impact the home town intellectuals were still calling him a popularizer and a charlatan. When novelist Clayton Thomas' *White Heat* became a big hit in the U.S. with Blood, Sweat And Tears local managers were saying his approach was too strident for the Canadian scene. Bring on Anne Murray and we'll all go to sleep again. Marshall McLuhan and David Clayton Thomas are Canadians but

ORIGINALS

they are not. Strangers in town. Master Calefornia is the stranger in town with tradition like was considered by Americans to be one of the finest short story writers in the language. But appreciation for his work came from every where but here. Local cities kept passing him over for more of lesser literary significance while across the West were were self-consciously about Canada. But then after 40 years of such intransigence the Royal Bank of Canada came along, gave him a prize \$50,000. Now he's bankrolled, overshadowed and he may not be a success in town anymore. Whatever the case the idea that originally when he came to Canada after he spent 40 years in paradise is a notion that should be kept for gold watches and radish-women.



ANGLAIS PERSPECTIVES



ANGLAIS PREFERENCE ONE

Mr. Hobart, Mrs. Imrie triple and her beretish son and the pipe he smokes because it's rates are too expensive, and the pea soup he eats with great gusto, a press-oddish hawkish man, but somehow a man. Dumb but honest. He doesn't talk much but boy when he does can he ever play the harmonica?



ANGLAIS PREFERENCE TWO

Off on a plane air ma son? Ask The Plough Family because they know about stuff like that. Those arguments on Board of the TV show during the last year. Right or wrong? Right or wrong? The country and goings of all over the world. Local first pretend we. Real down-to-earth folks who had a different attitude, graveyard, but were like us, too. They knew their place and stayed there.

ANGLAIS PREFERENCE THREE

Up against the wall, insomniac anglo, you shudder will kill you in your sleep! Our hundred years of repression is enough. After we liberate the mass we'll liberate the people and you smugly in your photo will be the last to go. Never surrender. Is this any way for a conquered race to act?



THE PARLOR

Parlor was named after a British reglement in India so you can imagine what the parlor looked like. The parlor with an imported antechamber the same was part of our British colonialist style. Something borrowed.



THE LIVING ROOM

Absolute proof that we can still have Stunne polaroid chairs in the dining room and real Architecture Forum and House And Garden. 160. Never mind the Bauhaus how directive can you get? The living room was part of our American colonialist style. Something borrowed.



THE FRONT ROOM

The ahorne coffee table is here because and won't eat or break and even if it does you like always get another one from the Eaton's Catalogue. Let it all hang out. It's a Canadian as well, the Eaton's Catalogue. The Front Room is in much about who we are as anything else. So don't be embarrassed. There's nothing borrowed.

THE AMERICAN DREAM RECONSIDERED



THE CANADIAN DREAM RECONSIDERED

Laurel Ingesson! Seurat was born in Granby, Massachusetts, U.S.A., in 1775 and died penniless at the age of 38.



OLD

Robert Gruber is part of the tradition which began sometime around the days of Mary Pickford. The only difference is that Pickford was the one who went it in Canada only to find it, and he had to find out about it. Canada is a great training ground, says Pickford, C.B.

TRANSITION

Gordon Lightfoot, the unashamedly talented singer and non-writer, proved that you could

THE STAR



be more appreciated in the U.S. than Robert Gruber and any human who has 100,000 agents and putting warmer thoughts to that million-dollar crowd.

NEW

Stamp! Tom Cochrane is his last refrigerator, his last rock and roll tour. He's proved that no one outside Canada has to hear about you. You are and can be what you are from. (See page 30.)

THE ECONOMY



GOLDWYN SMITH

He sat the tool for all of that country's future economists in 1981 by writing *Canada And The Canadian Question* — and leaving just about every question unanswered.

He graduated the university of North America upon. At least old Goldwyn was rate about one thing he wanted Canada to be: never to be could become an American and sell more of his books.

RAIFOLD INNS

His 14 books influenced as little by seeing the notion that Canada was mostly an artificial conglomerate of provincial blocks more naturally to



ARTISTS



OLD

Even God couldn't save the Queen. She made us cultural colossus, and we adored her. So she gradually grew irrelevant to our lives, though we loved her. She shone at funerals though we resented her.

TRANSITION

Conchita was beautiful and the American Dream was ruined.

American colonialism was more acceptable because the money was right. It wasn't until JFK was shot and his brother was shot that we realized we weren't really part of him. By that time we'd given it all away.

NEW

We have this thing about immigrants. We had to make our own. The Irish is what we can't believe: a way we have a vision of he doesn't come from the right family or is not graduated from the right schools. He's an idiot, too. And well we know and finally settle down and entry a new WASP girl.

DEATH OF INNOCENCE



We said this could never happen here.

Then Patti LaBelle showed us it could.

UNIFORMS

Remember George Blain? He had to sign his march before you could tell if he was a Canadian. In those days men dressed to look like furniture in a private club. That was when it was still considered wonderful to be British.



Mr. Walker. Who can forget him? He is the natural embodiment of the New Canadian. He's talking us. I come from Party Sound. I'm no clothes hanger. I come from Party Sound." And proud of it. That's why he's dressed like that.

RED TAPE



IN BASKET

Here's a state on the up of young Robert Mapplethorpe. He was a key member of the Ottawa civil service bureaucracy. Graduate from Cambridge, became Clerk of the Party Council and special adviser to prime minister. Finally graduated to the International Monetary Fund in Washington. He's a very fine profile the "bureaucrat's paradise" and he'd prefer it if they way

THE TECHNOLOGICAL MAN

Max Lalonde Oxford graduate. Principal Secretary to Prime Minister Trudeau. The PM's favorite grime much better known as Mr. Bawlf, but keeps a low profile sometimes. His only real profile is the angle man to the great man. A biggie in the PMO, but he'd prefer it if they way

OUT BASKET

Mike McClellan is young and energetic. He graduated from the U of T. Wasn't interested in Oxford and elected to stay home and learn business management at Leser Brothers. His agent recruitment bureaucratic structures and as a top civil servant likes to own the red tape and go directly to the people. He is one of the first civil servants in Ottawa to have a face.

"I hate the whole thing."

It's obvious that most of the 3,000 performers gathered here in the Martin Highschool auditorium are members of the working class, inhabitants of that older and all but invisible Canada whose separate culture is seldom impinged on the national consciousness that often in very existence a detailed. Couples in their late twenties at early thirties predominate, many of them accompanied by children. The close-cropped subtleties of the men set no style but a tradition, and if the women possess beauty, as many of them do, it's generally of a kind that's unassuming: the best adjective to describe it — beauty — sounds quaint. The older men tend to wear red and black, or green and blue, plaid, long-sleeved shirts and are likely to carry their berets of Black Diamond or White Star rare is their package; there's a dressed-up air about their wives created by their clothes than by the family self-conscious family self-satisfied way they move or sit. Everywhere friends and acquaintances are exchanging greetings. "Are you here, Jake?" being both more cordial and more formal than they'd be ordinarily because this is a public place and a special occasion. The front row is occupied by little marauded babble-gum girls of 12 or 14, who sit there to fix with the boys in the band from whom they'll ask and obtain nothing more than grins, winks, ungraphed pictures and a befitment sense of infinite romantic pleasure.

The curtain rises to a guitar and banjo, and there are little psychic shock waves as the lights go down and everyone turns his attention to the stage. The audience bows to the microphone to make sure it's working. "And now," he says, "and now — from Mr. Fred, Prince Edward Island," he voice rising above the rippled rhythm of the Captain's laughter. "We," he intones like a weight lifted before beginning the first song, "we always sing. Women sing, men sing, whoop and stamp, but that collective assimilation is secondary to scores of voices shouting individual greetings. "Hooy, Toomy!" "God bless you, Toomy boy!" "Hello, you long-legged spud blinder, yes?" "Walkin', Tom, walkin'!" And this, from one man's fitfulness drunkenness and all

decided, "Toomy, you damn thing" over and over.

All of which is addressed to a skeletal figure with an old man's stoop and a little boy's grin, who shuffles out of the wings and across to the microphone, a guitar hanging like a society blanket from one limp hand, and a piece of plywood about three feet long and a foot wide in the other. He might be an aimless-minded or unengaged junior who can stage to make some minor repair or adjustment and comically unaware that the curtain is up. But everybody here knows better. It's Stompin' Tom Connors, right enough, and the plywood is the stomper board that prevents his feet from getting crushed from clipping the carpet by the doors and grinding the floorboards to sawdust.

"Hello, everybody," he says simply, and begins to sing. For the next two hours the applicate is literally continuous; it's winter and winter but there's never a moment when at least one person isn't applauding. And through it all the doors alternately猛和 and open his broadsheet. "Toomy, you damn thing!"

Frequently distortion his face and voice, contorting his body, at times re-enacting an artificial Newfoundland accent on his genuine Prince Edward Island one in a manner reminiscent of John Diefenbaker's imitation of Winston Churchill, Stompin' Tom Connors sings about "Bad the Spud" who ranks "the best doggone person that's ever been growed" from the "bright red end" of The Island, "down the old New Brunswick line" and along Highway 481 to the terminal dock in Toronto, where "they all gather round just to hear him sing." And he's a big, fat, fat person. He sings about swimming the cold, briny seas of Newfoundland, and of picking lobsters in Tillicumbar, Ontario. "My back and aches when I hear that song," and about Saturday night in Sudbury. "The girls are out to bingo, the boys are guitarists, and we'll think the name of bingo." He sings about 19 men who were killed building a bridge in Vancouver, and about a landslide that destroyed the town of Frank, Alberta and of how the Black Donnellys will ride until the end of time down the Roman Line in Lacom, Ont. He sings "Mile Skimmer Blue," a sound poem to end all



WHAT'S MORE CANADIAN THAN STOMPIN' TOM?

The beaver, maybe

BY ALDEN NOWLAN

sound poems, in which he thinks like a hen, quacks like a duck and laughs like a kookaburra, while he has, beating time, scrapes shavings off the plywood.

"Some folks ask me why I don't sing some of them nice Nashville songs," he tells the audience, sitting down and here he rehearses the voice of the morning boy, Big Skunk's Friend. "Tell them I'll be happy to sing some of them nice Nashville songs just as soon as these fellers in Nashville start singin' some of my songs," and he intones the most there words, "about my country." The crowd cheers. With an arch grin he breaks out a wistful parody of the Johnny Cash masterpiece, *The Godiva, Green Gown of Home*.

"My ambition? I guess you could say it's to sing Canada to the world," he said earlier that day as we sat in his hotel room inside full and empty Mountfield and Malton booths, and planed common the male latrine and public gathering of room service waiters, drinking swashbuckled beer from bottles that had been opened with a warthog, because nobody had been able to find an opener. The Black cowboy hat he wears sits right on his head when I entered his room, and it was still there when I left hours later. "I started singing it when I was a kid because we didn't grow our hair long then," he says. The boy looked hideously and I thought to myself, like this poor man's only proud possession, the one way about it's a tradition and an action against. "To sing Canada to the world," might have sounded phony, too, especially when he repeated it in the tone of a man rather pleased with his own eloquence — except that by then, having spent the afternoon with him, I was convinced the man was no dolt, brain to deserve some special kind of street pretensions, and that his few, drunk or sober, knew what they were talking about when they yelled, "God love you, Toomy!"

On stage and in many of his photographs Connors looks as if his face had been whacked with a jackknife from a bank of ice spruce. And it's possible the creaky good looks of the kind of truck driver who carries a mouth organ in his pocket and ladies charms

continued on page 44

HARRY HUSAK TWILIGHT OF A NATURAL MAN

BY RAMELA ANDRAE

Dane Lake Saskatchewan to Walden Pond



The Cadillac, large and sleek and braying, American in chrome plates, swung past a cluster of unprinted drunks as Harry pointed and hooted over the uneven stones, and ran into a trap in a cloud of dust in front of a small, whitewashed building of indeterminate age and suppositioning appearance. Harry thought this Harry was sitting with a friend at the steps of the nearest cedar, drinking his one beer of the session. The two with you in a minute," he called in a hoarsely broken accent. But he was not in a beer house, the American realized, and he was not in a trap, either. He was in a small, whitewashed, isolated cabin, his hat off. Harry looked up again, eyes heavily shadowed in reddish fatigue, and mouthed another curse. "It was too much." The American forced one of his hands clamping the door behind him, and stomped over, demanding instant service. "Be home in a minute," said Harry. "Right now I'm talking to my friend here." The American gestured impatiently but well, where else could you go?

Presently, the heavy old man, arms hanging loosely at his sides and knees far apart, waddled slowly across the well-worn track through the grass to his house. Behind him a few silvery stars reflected in the water and a nippelless hawk. A few gulls preened on the sand of a nearby bank and the solitary call of a loon was heard somewhere across the water. Harry unlocked the door to his house with great deliberation.

The last children, mostly Mexican, get there tickets, too. They wait, patient and still. Harry's a good boy, he keeps his hands to his sides. Then the tall, bearded beadle comes by, calling them when they have their backs to him. Not much escape Harry, though. "Kiddo, you're a day early, bringin' the air away with your arm." Yeah. Yeah. You know, just looks, and they sit at the table. Missy, who sits at the table, the parents can sit up there in comfortable "bells" at the same time. She allows them to do this because he will probably never be able to sit up straight again. "If they have bones," he explains. "I can't be in the game again." As one Mexican woman says, "I used to be a secretary and now I know Harry doesn't keep proper account and he can never come to my house again."

Just as the size of Harry keeping books is ludicrous, he tries here to get away from all that, since more than 40 years ago he had to find questionable livelihoods and an easy place where he could do his own thing. Harry was a happy four decades before anyone ever used the term. He is still a happy 81st living his own thing in Dore Lake, Saskatchewan, at the end of 72 miles of gravel road, surrounded on all sides by evaluation by the bush, and the dog house, and the synthesizing of the drive. His summer house, tucked in the corner of a bay, is a little cabin with a suggestion of almost hidden in mystery by the blossoms of the 14 trees he has allowed more than 30 years ago.

As you know, your husband is entering the dirt threshold of 40 calories, you try to ignore the damp, musty smell that may greet you. Once inside you find that although Harry is alone, a bachelor of the North, he owns the largest kitchen in the settlement. It is dominated on one wall by his Kitchen Queen – a Runefew north-advised seal and wood stove, a gleam from which feeds a marked contrast to the remainder of the room.

Share of men giving birth has grown from one in six in 1960 to one in four in 1980. The number of fathers has increased from 1.2 million in 1960 to 2.2 million in 1980. The number of mothers has increased from 2.4 million in 1960 to 3.2 million in 1980.

When Senator Ed Larson of Wisconsin began to draw for his son in the upper chamber, the managers of Canada provided him with the \$200 As Canada return for the literary services. But Ed Larson also happens to be Canadian director of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, Turners, Wheelmen and Pilots of America. The Teamsters being the Teamsters have made a rule that their candidates may only run once. So the Teamsters picked up the \$200 difference and Senator Ed Larson, Teamster, ran up front on the platform and gave the charity a speech. Other British Columbia labor men followed during the same session up back in vintage

It's right in with Ed Lawton's perceived line when called but by polarised parties. "I would never give up the dignity and prestige of a union leader to become a politician".

At the same time it gives him the confidence to turn down the most offer of a 10-year, \$100,000-a-year position for private industry with another of his reasons. If employees would simply treat employees fairly and humanely they make a man obsolete. But we can always rely on the amateur or innovative skills of employers to cheat the employees.

Ed Lewis. With his 1946's post-war boom-bust plan and next blue suit, which make him look like a school teacher down to the city for a visit, is Canada's unknown labor leader. He makes more money than any other Canadian union boss and he also happens to be the younger vice-president of the largest and most powerful union in the world. The only high spot Ed Lewis can go to is \$175,000 head of the big Trans-Canada Trailers, the onlookers of the North American labor movement.

positively gaily at the name of Brewster. It's not hard to understand how 63-year-old Lawson has escaped public consciousness in Canada. He's not too many big-city leaders — at least not too many Canadian labor leaders — who like to golf with publishers and celebrities, who spend their lunches in expensive restaurants with lawyers and columnists, and like to sit around passing on anecdotes with corporate

The concept of the cigar-chewing, beer-bellied laborer, of course is out of date. But, still, Lawson is a bit different. One gets the impression sometimes that he uses some with a checked macinaw and high yellow boots that have passed the ankle. He undoubtedly could make a living at an afternoon speaker specializing in *accus* salesmen, and there is a logical and reasonable argument to be made for that.

The fact is, however, that the bigger union wants control of 60,000 Teamsters in Canada, the lignby union that can make or break as many other unions, and he is proceeding on a 5-year plan for a national trucking agreement which would give the Teamsters the same power over the industry that the railroads and tough brutes impose on the U.S. If you haven't got the Teamsters, you're all alone without you haven't got *steel*.

The octogenarian with the \$50,000-plus income sits in his Trans-
ac office after a hasty, informal address on the east side of Van-
couver, a flat while playing around his smooth as he answers
another interviewer's question. The couch is gold, the
brick wall covered in grass cloth and painted pine
wood. William Marchant's *The Days Of A Person* sits on a
bookshelf beside *Argot Of The Tax Lawyer* and *Leather Roots*.
Lawson could pass muster in looks as an insurance
agent. But his quick, decisive movements, his darting eyes
and belying his hair-torned glasses, his words will an-
nounce that smile flickering on one of

There's no doubt that the state iteration of the Terminator with all its *Brands On The Waterfront* image sends a shiver down the spine.

ED LAWSON SENATOR FROM THE TEAMSTERS

BY ALI AND BOTH-WAY TEAM

The larval feeder as dedicated consumer



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE GREAT CANADIAN ICE-CREAM MASTERPIECES

BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

When ice cream was more than a lick and a promise

The other day I pulled in to a gaudy new fast-food stand with yellow arches about 45 feet high and asked for a malted milk shake strong enough to drink. But the kid behind the counter said the Canadian didn't make them that way and I went back to my car with a paper cup of a kind of icy pale-beige sludge. Thinking of the great days of the ice-cream parlors — when they were small, old, mable and mahogany grannies with Tiffany lamps and pin-shaped glass globes and soda fountains as long as your driveway where you could get 40 or 50 different and great masterpieces based on ice cream but built into organics with fruit syrups, hot fudge, cherries, wafer, dates, chocolate shells, sponge cake, wafer-ice wafers, marshmallow swirls and whipped cream and named after more stars, football teams, towns, the seasons and important events like fishing in love, or the like.

You could get a Love in Bloom, a euphoric mixture of dietetic ice cream and fruit salad, maraschino cherries, chopped nuts and whipped cream, a Night in June, with water ice, a Harry Whistle with peanut and sliced banana, a Moon Over Marion (sometimes known as Moon Over Moon June), a date called If We're Cowes a reminder of the passing of time and middle age, made with sponge cake and hot fudge, a Chop Suey, Soldier of ice cream covered with a sauce boiled from maple syrup, brown sugar, shredded coconut, figs, dates, walnut pieces, Raisins and Brazil nuts, a Tin Roof with chocolate sauce and peanut, a Sunny Jim, a David Hassel, a Texi Treats when people asked for it in those days without bolting an eye, and a Dew's Delight with two burning cubes of sugar on top of pyramids of whipped cream, which exploded when it hit the custard when you ate them up by the flickering light and a warm sense of need and extravagance.

Some of these things were packing 1,500 calories which nobody had started counting yet. Just watching them being



STONE GINGER FLOAT
Large glass filled with ginger ale
Scoop of vanilla ice cream and cherries

DAVID HASSEL

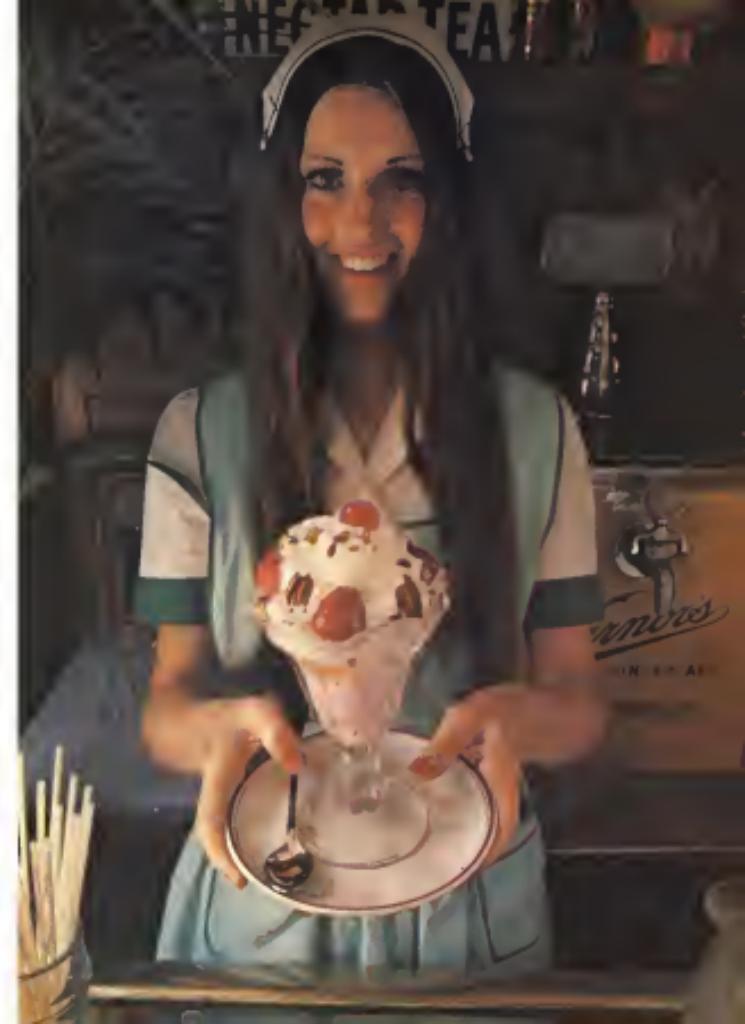
Funkie and strawberries ice cream
Fruitcake and strawberry fruit
Chopped walnuts
Fresh whipped cream and cherries

constructed was an exercise in self-restraint. Even a soda was made with painstaking skill and artfulness. It started with a squirt of fruit juice and a spoonful of fruit and some table cream, stirred with the stirrer from the soda siphon before two scoops of ice cream were added, then the Brainiest man rifled grains with the spoon and intermixed the ice cream in a soft fat stream of soda, carefully angling it onto the inside of the glass so that the stream wouldn't hit the ice cream which caused icing, and gave the top a dollop of whipped cream and topped that with a cherry, then put the soda glass in a silver-plated tray on a platter, set a shiny, cold silver spoon and a long-handled silver plate spoon, and you were nearly leaping over the counter with rapture, that is, uncontrollable greed.

People got hooked on ice-cream dishes. The manager of Simpson's in Teesside in Tuscumb's Yorkdale Shopping Centre is a man, holding 51-year-old Soni from Glasgow, told me that when he first came to Glengarry County on eastern Ontario, whenever he went to Montreal he made right for an ice-cream parlor and got a banana split. "Young backs covered them," he said, describing his feet. One year he had a ruptured appendix in Madison, Ont. and lay in a hospital thinking of banana splits for seven weeks. When he got out he told the friends who were to drive him home that he was strong and out and they rushed him to a big ice-cream parlor on Main Street. "Oh, but was I sick afterward!" he said, winking quickly that it was no fault of the banana split.

The ice-cream parlor was a way of life and the place to go. It took on a mythical something like halo today. A youth who was too much won at a soda fountain was regarded as a demurely charming character with no backbone, like an effete snob. Some ice-cream parlors were small, tiny, peaceful places full of the sound of shells and clicking tins and the thump of wooden paddles.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN



ales packing sali around ice cream and you'd sit there on a summer morning with your head bowed over a soda as if in prayer, but there were substantial platters of rich Woodward and pillars and my platters and evenness of Greek temple symmetries with roses in the back or tables out in a garden and airy looking wire-legged tables and chairs and fountain shells which gave a pleasant atmosphere of impersonation and love and gentle repose. They became so crowded at night that the noise level went up to something like that of a concert hall, but with Vienna girls in the corner and everybody laughing and calling out in glee and the cries of youth coming up with desire. It must be impossible for anyone born after 1930 to picture what those places were like. Sometime the owner, perhaps spring and drought, should shoulder his way through the crowd later the door closed against the people trying to get in and holder. "No more customers! We're closed!"

Soda parlors came in after the First World War a by-product of visiting which went out with the arrival of the automobile. They became, becoming businesses in the 1920s and 1930s. But for owners submerged in theatres with commercials like "The day was a sucker the night was a scream but I'd walk 10 miles for that good old ice cream" and worse. There was no room profit in ice cream as there were calories and a big parlor would eat 50 or 60 gallons a day. Everybody began getting in the ice-cream business. There were soda fountains in most drugstores and restaurants and department stores in Canada. Dr. Ginger Ale, Sir John McLaughlin Ginger Ale, established by J. J. McLaughlin (while another branch of the family was making McLaughlin-Buck's) was built on providing soda fountain with soda water, which was eventually flavored, then, before "Down from Canada Came Tales of a Wonderful Beverage" ran an ad in the New York Times on April 29, 1932.

A good soda fountain man was hard to get. Sometimes there would be a complete breakdown of service in an ice-cream parlor when for instance 200 people would arrive at two in the morning from a college dance in tabs and evening dresses. Twenty or more waiters and waitresses would pile up with their orders and the fountain man would founder a phenomenon known in the trade as "gritina," bagged—it was said that this was it's day a baseball pitcher tried to break the seventh rib and a cell would go out for a kind of true blood, but, presumably whittled past-fest, would be sent to the kitchen of all orders and spend an anxious minute cleaning up the spilled chocolate sauce and syrup and shambles left by the fountain man who had cracked

up. Then he'd line up the help and tell them to start shouting out their orders, one by one, and head go into a load of dance. I remember watching one man make five sodas at a time, holding five glasses in one hand, running them under the spouts and tossing balls of ice cream into them with the other hand, a pure, inspiring performance. One of the great fountain men was Louis Gold, who worked at the Blue Street parlor of Deans Sweets in Toronto, a company that began as a soda parlor and which now operates a chain of licensed restaurants. Celebrations were a specialty. One was the opening of the new Silver Rail, and that night talked less tea between a bartender. Louis had run for a while but he could stand it. It was too dull; he missed making fancy drinks and went back to Deans Sweets.

Nobody knows exactly why the end came. Most people who were in the business claim that the Depression was the beginning of the end and that soda-fountain parlor just faded away with the Second World War and the opening of bars. They began selling things like round cheese sandwiches in the late Thirties and soon began to rely on candy making. One man I talked to in the 85-year-old owner of Chapman's in east Toronto, once a booming ice-cream parlor, sat down in his basement and making potatoe-fritter cheese chips. Louis Bouchard had it easy. Marion's mom and grandmother undoubtedly refused to sell it and the ice-cream-parlor talked to the old ladies who dropped in at their place. I remember as a kid and found the owner, a sprightly and apparently ageless Greek, sitting in a dark and gaudily decorated ice-cream parlor which now had a few booths, every screen wallpaper over the big sod-fountain mirrors and the old marble-topped counter covered with rippling plastic which on an otherwise but ungodly modest 17 years ago he decided to have installed on the vague hope that it would bring back some customers. He asked the man to restrain his name or identify his name. While I was there two customers sat eating ham sandwiches and talking about Bobbs Hall, an outstanding actress. I asked the ice-cream owner what he did and his answer slipped back into the big day when his customers lined up on the sidewalk who kept looking down the street at the effect of its inspiring soundness. Finally, he said, "We used to sell out of ice cream from 10 a.m. in the afternoon if we never had the trade. We'd keep saying, 'Where is it?' When we'd come along." For a minute there the place was crowded with the crowds playing and everyone talking and the customers shouting show up into the chandelier I left him when three looking at his folded hands. ■

THE DAY WAS A SCORCHER, THE NIGHT WAS A SCREAM, BUT I'D WALK TEN MILES FOR THAT GOOD OLD ICE-CREAM

Left to right: top
HONEY WIDOW

Vanilla and chocolate ice cream
Dark French chocolate sauce
Sliced bananas and chopped walnuts
Fresh whipped cream and cherries

ORIGINAL BANANA SPLIT

Three scoops of ice cream—vanilla, strawberries and chocolate
Two halves of banana
Cover with pecan and raspberry fruit
Chopped walnuts
Fresh whipped cream and cherries

FRENCH CHOCOLATE MINT SODA

Chocolate syrup
Peppermint syrup
Choc. older ice cream
Frothed with fine-stream soda water

LOUIS SPECIAL

Fresh orange juice
One-half lemon juice
Planter's punch
Syrup water ice, a shapenizer
Mixed in a blender

CANTALOUPE SUNDAE

Half cantaloupe
Pineapple juice
Vanilla ice cream
Fruit juice, fresh whipped cream, cherries

BROADWAY SODA

Chocolate and coffee syrup
Vanilla and chocolate ice cream
Fresh whipped cream and cherries

CHOCOLATE EGGS-WAITED

Chocolate ring wafer cream
Ginger ale
Malted milk, fresh milk
Milk red in blader, served in tall glass

MOON OVER MOOSE JAW

Vanilla and spiced ice cream
Fruit juice, wafer-choco cream
Pecan nuts
Two slices of peach
Fresh whipped cream and cherries

LIME FREEZE

One-fourth lime juice
Pineapple syrup
Lime water ice
Pulled stock soda water and cherries



LAMENT OF A LIBERATED WOMAN

BY PAMELA LEE

How hard it is to keep from being a shrew when you have a husband, two kids and a nine-to-five job

I took after the mother I scarcely knew. When moving pictures arrived the decided to become another Mary Poldorf. At 14 the was making the rounds of the booking agents in London's West End. At 15 she was a matronly blonde, was polished. At 16 she was a matron. There was no room for her to grow up. At 15 I was secretary of the local branch of the Clerks' and Administrators' Workers Union and increasing letters addressed "Dear Conrade" and signed "Yours faithfully" At 43 I'm left the office to start evening classes at seven.

I was writing and sending out manuscripts. My deadline for fame was 21. I thought of men but seldom of marriage. When I stumbled across the 18th century at the public library it became my obsession to break 20th century snobbery to the world's finest minds and take the most handsome as my lovers. But for the moment I had just turned 16.

My father believed the Germans were about to invade and London would be the last place to fall, so we packed our belongings and left the south coast town of Brighton to return to the capital, just in the blustery began. We spent the night in a narrow room cellar outside the back door. The ground rocked beneath our feet as the bombs whistled down. My grandmother was able to look through the wall of little panes and saw beautiful products of war. A month after we got to London, she died aged 75, worn out by hard work. Dear Nanna, who was once a girl called Emily.



Dear Nanna, who was always
a girl called Emily

"Dear Emily, be good to your little girl, she never does anything real sensible, she is not full of romance, and I can't help that, darling, but I will find romance, only to make never come this way. Romance, adventure, everything that speaks of youth and dreams that make life work for us now to cross my way and tempt me from paths of reverence. This letter comes from a Queenie that I can never understand, a girl who sings for winds as were as winds of summer with lots and lots of love and kisses, your little girl for always, Queenie."

She wrote like a child, but she dreamed of life beyond the kitchen walls. They were married seven years, and I was born in south London between her dancing engagements with a touring chorus line. She was seldom home and they finally separated when I was three years old, with Queenie writing that she could never be a suburban cabbage.

I went to live with my father's mother. But liberation was an illusion. When I

was nine, I joined housewives, the seven-day week apart family association. Even then I knew I'd never be content to live for her and through others.

At 13 I was a matron. There was no room for her to grow up. At 15 I was secretary of the local branch of the Clerks' and Administrators' Workers Union and increasing letters addressed "Dear Conrade" and signed "Yours faithfully" At 43 I'm left the office to start evening classes at seven.

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For 10 years my grandmother had cared for me. Now there were just two of us. It was a strange life in many ways. I spent one year sleeping on the floor of the basement with my bed in a cupboard beneath the stairs, and four years earlier the dining room table. These products of war, I could the vibrations of it fell in the walls of a nearby house.

Too old for fighting, my father now taught a boys' boxing class at night and



Dear Nanna, who was once
a girl called Emily



After dinner, we'd
have a walk

during the day tried his hand as a film extra. I began work as a typist with a large pharmaceutical company. Two months of typing in beds and the need to my shorthand books. My father decided to use an old typewriter and a typewriter to start up with his war letters to catch up with his war letters because secretary to the purchasing manager, a reserved position from which I was not called up for the armed services or factory war work two years later when I turned 18.

I started a first post, was a member of the Home Guard and continued to prepare myself at night school for an uncertain future. On free evenings bright young workers gathered in our kitchen. With my old识者 strong across the window, for blackout and warmed by the open parlor. We drink oysters and talked about peace and how we would remake the world when the war was over. Until gradually I discovered I was just the right age for a war



Queenie I舞女
I was just the right
age for the war

when the hunger-must and feel everything was like a pins movie. It was time to move on.

He never told me I was his father. The upturn of my life was usually spent with him. When I was small, my grandmother dressed me in a Sunday best each weekend and my father and I would set out to explore London in



As a child, I舞女
dressed in my father's
best and my father
would take me to

parks, in galleries, in art galleries, in the shabby side streets in restaurants.

The long corridors of Henry's Hippopotamus Carpet were to familiar to get as my own living room. Fabrics were imported on my mind. Tapestries at the British Museum, observing the beauty of eighteenth century figures, pondering the beauty of his designs, the elegance of his fabrics. On Saturday nights I'd go to the wine bar at the White City and watched the dogs racing round the track after the electric bars. I followed the race meets from Doncaster to the Derby. I knew every horse and every jockey and shot on the racing form. At five I was a veteran of the theatre.

And when the money ran out, Ayda became part of our lives, with his van and his eight-shilling moving jobs. He always came at night when the moon was high and our literature was loaded heavily and expertly for another accident. I went to seven schools in two years.

These were the memories I shared with my father. Yet the desire to exper-

NOTES OF A NATIVE OSTRICH

St. Pierre
Magellan,
May 1984

BY DAVID E. LEWIS

I had heard of St. Pierre-Magellan, but vaguely as I had heard of Vladivostok and Stakhorov. The water town in the Maluku Islands off the Maluku Islands, everything remained a mystery. Finally, I had the time. I would have liked it had it been a week to the leper colony of Molucca. It suited my financial status perfectly.

Many a friend of mine decided to go, too, and so we set off for North Sydney to catch a boat. The pamphlets had said as something about the islands... they were owned by France, they were situated just south of Newfoundland, and the people there were represented in the town of St. Pierre, population 5,000. Many bought a French phrase book, but I decided to play it by ear. Mr. French was "fined" to what I had learned in school. I could say "C'est en pleine de ma tête," but I doubted if it would come in very handy so I had no further St. Pierre.

We went on board the boat very long before we realized that the entire crew was French. If these were my Englishmen, they steadily refused to return to their mother tongue. We didn't board the boat — we jumped onto the dock from the ship with a rubberized aigrette. Many who had labored half-tilt were present on the dock, followed by a noisy mob that seemed hellbent for a noisy riot that seemed hellbent for the lap of one of the passengers already ready on board, and which carried her the distance on whatever happened of the stereotypes who were obviously clustered around for the one purpose of making her as wild as possible.

The boat had been used in the navy once as a training ship. I was told. I failed to ascertain what they were training but I must have been bound partners. The decks were loaded with lumber, coals and loose coal. The purser explained that we were lucky — the weekend before it had been raining.

There were about 40 in our expedition, and even after the crew had given up their bunks, there were a ridiculous few who spent the night on deck, each wrapped in a grey blanket. I was one. St. Pierre is a picture-postcard town, the whitewashed up a bit, the St. John's a sort of Melville. It's a magnet for another reason though, with no lack of modern and not so contemporary restaurants or theaters. At first sight it seemed extremely drab. There was little vegetation of any kind, and the houses seemed to be constructed for a race of past. The "what?" was emanating from people wearing handbags and professional cards who looked around as when we passed where. It took only a minute to go through customs and find a taxi to reach

our hotel. Actually it turned out to be a house. The maidstone — our landlady — was a rather old Maude blind who looked like Bayeux's Barber's grandmother. She wore a flambouyant yellow skirt and blouse, emerald, and with a long, long, elegant cigarette holder such as the ones Dianthus had at the thought in the were like Magellan. I loved her immediately.

My room contained a brass bed, a dresser and a chair. I had not washed on the boat, and since the communal bathroom (sharing six rooms) was eight across the hill from my room, I decided immediately that I was going to be Irie in it. I stripped off, and then discovered there was no towel in the room. I assumed there must be one in the bathroom. I scolded across the hill, asked if I came into the world hoping that any of my fellow mortals who might see me would think I was some kind of saintly anchur. When I successfully complained my reason, I discovered that there was no towel and also that the bathroom door would not close tightly. It really didn't matter — there was no lock on it anyway. I got in the tub and raised on the low water tap. An instant spout of scalding water, and I was scalded when I was startled by a voice. My landlady was leaning nonchalantly in the doorway.

"You like oog an vell?" she said sternly.

"C'or a who?" I asked despicably.

"It's a chicken. Cooked in a wine sauce."

"My landlady, I insist, are indecently."

"Could I have a towel please?"

"Ah, ooh, ooh," she said. Then she passed in the doorway. "But first how do you like your chicken?"

"Yoww," I said incoherently.

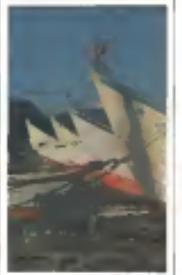
She gave me a strange look and disappeared.

St. Pierre, as they advertise, is a "bit of old France." I have never been to Europe, but I am relatively sure it couldn't be a "bit of new France." Most of the houses are sturdy stone rooms in private houses. If the proprietors like you, however, you can get private rooms for a cognac. Then all their primitive backwoodsman, they have created a selling postcard. Most must paint them up, though. The landlady proprietors have come up with AIDS in the caption, "water-proof rooms," and we were later, I had bought a pair of about I didn't really like, a sitting room and floor deckchair worth of St. Pierre figures for a collection I've never started. St. Pierre had to buy a duffel bag to put on the extrastrong patches she had made. After the made more we decided to call it quits.

"It's getting warmer," I think, she said.

7 continued on page 42

David E. Lewis has sailed in the Antarctic, racing the most difficult race in the world, the Volvo Ocean Race, and circumnavigated the globe.



"The hotel seems to have shifted position," I commented.

It was 11 A.M.

Champagne was about three dollars a magnum, and there was an exotic version for \$11.95. We both sensed that at the hotel floating bottles of champagne to find that the others had made the same discovery.

The house started to take on the appearance of one of Jean Cocteau's 1920 movies. We also strolled the doorway that once the champagne was opened it must be drunk. Since we all had spent our hotel, mainly to have the cork pop, we were certainly not going to waste it. It was a buccaneerish crew that sat down at the enormous dining-room table. Most of us bought our champagne bottles to the table. A deer head old Iby from Baltimore, who had spent time on the boat reading *Wells Coates*, turned to me:

"Can you do the Benny Hop?" she asked coyly.

"I think I can now." I said.

"May I have some water?" Mary asked the waiter.

"The water is served as is."

"Water?" she echoed hollowly.

I responded for her. The waiter continued to smile at Mary.

"Your dinner de... de lower... & is table?" she asked curiously.

"I wish to know" said Mary with Nova Scotia plausibility.

The maid struck her forehead with the palm of her hand. "Monsieur!" she exclaimed, and fled into the kitchen.

"I like water with my meals," said Mary defiantly.

The maid came back with a glass of sea-colored water. She placed it in front of Mary and then retreated to the doorway and stood, mouth open, as though she expected Mary to perform a Black Miss ritual.

Many contemplated the water for a minute, and then and finally, "Well, someone please pass the wine?"

We went to the local night spots. The French don't like what they speak. I tried to create and first Mary, never out of place, The Spanish flying fleet was at the bar and was staring around her companion. I enjoyed one of the few male privileges that are left and sat at table, watching the swelling cushioned. My badinity had come with an

"You're too young not to dance," she said. The man that I knew she had procured a young girl and introduced as The girl could speak on English at all. As I danced with her, she whispered something in my ear and all I could manage to translate was "poutine de terre." Poutine! I valiantly tried to translate, but after three attempts, I gave up and so did she. We danced in silence back at the table. I asked my maid what the girl's IQ was and maintained

that she seemed to have a fetish about "poutine." I echoed my badinity.

"Of course," she laughed, "what wanted in the Monk's Room. It's a dancer that's prone over here."

I turned to the girl and asked apologetically "Bonne?" I asked. She smiled.

"On par," she said.

"Petard!" exclaimed Mary. "Why that's an aphrodisiac!" She scowled at me.

"We'll all have a ponce," I said.

I used like I was. Mary tapped her reflectively, and then dissolved. She was always partial to larvae.

"Absentee," I warned her "makes the leaves grow frost."

The badinity was whispering to me that there was a naughty little club where tourists never went but which the felt we should enter. I had told her I wanted to visit a much local color as I could. At midnight we set off through the foggy black streets.

The mighty little club was just that. We had hardly got seated than a pretty girl in the room announced a Paul Jones. We were all yanked onto the cards. Suddenly there was a couple hollering at the center, pushing and pulling each other while the others watched smugly. The couple kissed on one cheek, and then on the other, and then on the mouth. "What are they doing?" yelled Mary. It made her sound rather silly "It's a Banquet meeting dinner," I explained.

The attractiveness of the French soon became apparent. Obviously the couple were giving as at a rehearsal of what was expected from Mary as was a companion French officer, with a jaunty beret, reluctantly admitted on the side of his head. She had badly suggested back into the crowd when I was dragged into the center. My mate was a voluptuous, toothless woman who breathed readily. When we had finished picking, she reached out and grabbed me in a vice-like grip. "Men, just as I imagined, and nearly squeezed me to death."

Finally we managed to get back to our table.

"You like?" asked the badinity.

"Ok," said Mary, somewhat out of breath, "the like."

Many decided to try out her French. She turned to the learned French soldier who had joined us automatically.

"L'autre prochain," she said. "I'm coming back pour un autre."

Her eyes lit up. "All pour un autre?"

"Dés," said Mary, "pour as moas."

"I won't care what all that pour as moas was about, but that was a rare twinkle in Mary's eye."

In St. Pierre everyone relaxes soonest. There is apparently a law that one has to have one's bath at every corner, and for

blocks are small. The street is one steady staircase of bars — hook, hook, bars, bars. I meandered to the badinity. "We've lived here all my life," she replied, "and it's never stopped. That's all they do all day long — blow and go. You'll get used to it."

I never did. Of course I was only there three days. But I did get used to the gaudiness of the people. When we were back on the boat again, Mary and I stood on deck, looking down at the swimming prostitutes of townspeople who had come to see us off. Mary was wearing a bikini. I could see the sailors, bare-chested, standing on the wharf looking up at us sadly.

"I think," I said kindly, "you had a ball."

"L'autre prochain," she said weakly.

"I'm coming back pour un autre."

"Moi aussi," I said proudly.

Then into Nova Scotia practically came into play. I had a stomach cramp over, although it was supposed to be localized in the act. She had informed I discussed one on the center top.

"Have you seen about the mosquitoes?" she inquired.

"No. I'll play seagull again. I don't mind."

"You go in and see about it."

There was no trouble. The officer merely smiled and said, "Number 14."

I took my bags down. The staircase was filled with luggage. There were four breaks and a washhouse. I was about to steal a look at the labels on the staircase when three people came in.

"Are you the fourth bunk?" the man asked.

I nodded shakily. "That is my wife," he said with a smile, "and that is my 15-year-old daughter Bernice."

"I could sleep up on deck again," I said solemnly.

"Nonsense," I said.

"Do you have a good time in St. Pierre?" asked my wife.

"As usual. I have every mouse of it!" I said.

"So did we," they chorused.

"L'autre prochain." I said reluctantly.

"I'm coming back pour un autre."

NIKOLAI

Possibly the only vodka strong enough to drink by itself... if you had to.



Nikolai ClassicVodka

the pants off' witnesses. The forty-five years old, he was so young before he could walk, so his earliest memory is of being carried by his mother as she hatched around. New Brunswick where he was born. Later he crooked the minuet as finitely as Jack Kerouac of whom, incidentally, he has never heard. In a very real sense he has never had a home, which may explain why the sense of region and country is of such obvious importance to him.

"I was a busker child," he says. "Loafing back on it, I can see that it must have been tough being on the road like that. But it didn't seem that way at the time. For all I knew every kid had in the world was traveling down some dirt road with his mother. To a little kid what matters is having somebody to hold on to."

The sense of his early recollections is of being basically separated from his mother by child welfare authorities. "I kept crawling under tables and chairs and things, and they kept grabbing me by the wrist or ankles and dragging me out. I was always afraid of being separated and alone, and they were yelling their heads off at me. He is silent for a moment, his eyes half-closed. "I don't know much about that," he says. "Afterward they put me on an orphanage at New Brunswick where they beat hell out of me and my little sister, with leather straps and hamster cages and whatever they could lay their hands on, and if they couldn't find anything to hit me with they grabbed you by the hair and almost twisted your finger head off. I ran away from them every chance I got."

He began writing songs when he was 11. "They were poems," he says. "I wanted to be a poet. I can still remember every word of every poem we learned in grade school. But then little while I decided I'd sound prettier if I just got a tune to them and so I started doing that too." One of the songs he wrote when he was 11 is about a girl "with eyes like diamonds" and a "root in her hair," writing "on the halide by the old Newfoundland Falls" in Saint John for her lover to send back from the "mountainous province of Alberta. He included 25 years later on an early longplay album, *Scampin' Tom*, which has sold more than 150,000 copies. "I guess I figured I owed that to the little guy," he says.

Conson has a habit of referring to his previous selves in the third person, as though he were not or more often, by implication. He does this same with his past personal life. "I was a Stompin' Tom," he says. He has another habit of almost never mentioning anyone no matter how casually without giving her a name and a brief description. "It was this big wanker, Fred Macdonald, in Pittsburgh, he蒹achined me that."

It's part of the Stompin' Tom legend that he got started in a pre-television career by being five cents short of the price of a beer. "It's true," he laughs. "That was so or seven years ago. I got into Timmins with 35 cents in my pocket and dry enough to spit dust, and went into the Maple Leaf Hotel. Well here come 40 cents and so I asked the water of if he had a nickel. And he said if you can play that thing... I had my guitar with me... if you can play that thing, maybe we'll give you the price of three or four beers." The next thing I knew I had a job singing there on Friday and Saturday nights for \$10 for \$45 and a room."

For years before that he'd been knocking on the doors of radio stations and recording companies. "Some of them would tell me to get lost and some of them would give me the old don't do me no favors, and some of them would tell me to sing a couple of songs and then tell me as if I was some kind of a nut." That attitude was what got him into Timmins. "I was just going to write a song myself, a little bit of *Kingsmen*—a song about Marvin, set to Raye's 'Well, the people there in the Train' (Hot Laundry in Timmins), they heard it. I guess they were tired of hearing about the stars flying across Alberta and about people walking like Sardines. They wanted to hear some songs about the north country. Their country." He adjusts his hat again. "It's a played song, small but original part in his thought process."

Six months later he was still singing at the Maple Leaf, but his pay had risen to \$35 a week. "I had a good Gang going for me there in Timmins. By the time I left—that was about 14 months, I'd get up to about \$400 a week in the hotel and I had been on radio and television and started doing shows in places like Kirkland Lake and there in Timmins like Sudbury. It was the first summer some of those places I'd never heard of, the place I had heard of. There was me, the young boy, there. There I was right up on their tops. There I got a job at the Rembrandt Tavern in Timmins and after that got a recording contract. One thing that attracted a lot of attention to me in Timmins was there was somebody put up these half-birds on the own string. Scampin' Tom's Tim. The funny thing is I don't know in this day who it was that put those half-birds up. I don't know if he liked me or hated me. I don't know people are me and about me when they hear me sing. I do know it wasn't me out on the \$35 a week I was getting paid then."

Conson says that at this point he's "paying almost every cent I choke back into the business," part of the business being a recording company, Best Records in Timmins, where he has his headquarters. "I'd like to help keep some young singers and musicians from having as tough a time getting started as

I did, and I'd like to promote Canadian talent. Some people my writer second-class Americans. Sure we are. But the Americans are second class. Canadians I was in Ireland last year, putting on shows in the Republic and the inns there and saying what they said to me over there? They said, 'Tom, you're the first Canadian singer we ever heard that sang songs about Canada.' And they liked it. You don't have to be born in Newfoundland to understand my song about the Newfoundland cod boats."

When he was seven years old he was "stepped off" of the orphanage by a family in Prince Edward Island. He ran away from there when he was 13 and went to work on the docks in Saint John, but it's still the country of his heart, as is evident from his concentration, although as he prepares his live set of the night he is preparing for other regions of the world.

He laughs again. "I'll get down to write a song about it, and after a week while I'll find myself laughing at the song, and myself, and I'll end up writing a song that kind of makes fun of the song that just got written."

He tells his audience, "I come from Skinner's Pond, that's between Fred Pen and Big Brook, on The Bluff, and they laugh—contendently, apparently, as other audience laugh at other songs like Jack Brink's misadventure or Dean Martin's boozing, the use of such commonplace place names has been part of a stock routine used by country-style comedians for generations. "The folks in Skinner's Pond, they're so rough. I knowed a girl there that had a sweater outta burnt was, um, two crowbars for needles. That same girl, the last I saw as big as her hair, feed her with a cigarette."

A cleaving woman knocks at the door of his hotel room and asks him when can the strangers fit in. Together they sort out the place to go, the price to pay. He apologizes for being in his way and asks if it would inconvenience her so come back in an hour. She tells him that an hour would be fine and apologizes for disturbing her. They thank each other, and she goes away. By this time my tenured wife, John, and a friend, Lindsay Black, also from Fredericton, have shown up and been invited in, and Lindsay has been delegated to open the beers with the trapshot. The telephone keeps ringing, and Conson keeps getting up and crossing the room to answer it. Some of the calls are from kids who want to talk with him, but don't think of anything to say to me, he is very patient and polite with them.

"Mark Williams," Conson says, "and Bill Carter and Jerome Rodgers and Hook Snow and Johnny Cash, they were my big heroes." From down back drawl over all in sight their voices—and the voices of the likes of Roy Azel, Tex Ritter, Che' Akin, Red Foley, Emitt

Talb and Eddy Arnold—poured from radio sets everywhere in rural and working-class North America, but especially in the southern United States and the Maritime provinces of Canada, but in the Wild East, when Tom Conson and I were growing up there, they weren't categorized as "country" or "western" or, God help us, "hillbilly" singers. There was the only music in possibly the same sense that Chet Baker was the only class.

One of the kids who was a ten-year-old with me in Nova Scotia used to refer to Freda Statins as an "upset singer," and he wasn't trying to be funny, that's an only half-he thought of him.

I remember when I was 16 being awakened by my father at five o'clock of a January morning in a house in which the only light came from kerosene lamps and the only heat from a wood stove in the kitchen. That was in 1949. We were sitting on grape that winter in the woods about five miles away, filling traps, moving them and putting them. The first location were shipped to England to prep up the whitened ceilings of our mess. In order not to waste any of the daylight we walked to work in the dark and didn't start home again until after the sun had gone down. Coming from my black and glacial bedroom, where the temperature often was below freezing, down the even blacker and steeper stairs, into the kitchen, where my father had kindled a starting fire, I would sit, wavered up his homemade beans and fried a hash of onions and potatoes and like being taken aboard a worn well-lighted ship after being dumped everywhere in the North Atlantic.

And part of it all was the old battery-operated radio playing music from W-WVA Wheeling, West Virginia. Fiddle, guitar, mandolin, banjo, mouth organ, and bell boller playing the *Wabash Cannonball* and the *Green Swepted Bed* and *Wildwood Flower*. I liked Hillman sometimes on your bus way through St. George, Aransas, and Little Anthony. Dickie, the piano, and Little Dickie, *Get Up The Bed*, and Eddy Arnold crooning a *Roundel Of Roses*, and Grandpa Jones singing *I Wish I Could Be Half A Pine And Stopped In The Rain*. Announcers with good old boy accents bawling emanual shrubs and dill-headed Bibles. "Send these doll-sha, ya-ya-ya with three doll-sha and three doll-ah-ah, to Bob, the R-B-B-L-E in case of W-WVA, Wheeling, West Virginia." My father, an elderly old soul, was, however, sometimes getting tired in the mind with the use of one of his lumberman's rubber boots as he invoked his hand-made after-breakfast rigmarole.

Sog music. Rooted in Scottish, Irish and English folk music, it approximated that order, reaching back to the first Elizabeth, and beyond to the Crusades, and earlier. Transplanted along continued on page 86



so smooth it's the world's largest selling scotch . . .

Johnnie Walker

STOMPIN' TOM continued

the shores beside the rivers, along the valleys in the mountains and among the meadows of North America. Each shore, river, valley, hillside and mountain has settlement changes, it closely resembles slightly different, assimilating elements from continental Europe and Africa; so that for instance, Laurentian and Cypress Mountain, building, Seaway and Mountains and Marathons inland, logging, come in sound less and less side. Then, in the 1920s and 1930s, the grandfathers and fathers passing in all together again.

One of Tom Coates' heroes, Hank Snow, another Maritime, who got his start during the Depression, singing in "Hank the Yodelling Ranger" over CHRS in Halifax, probably never heard of Latty German, the Prince Edward Island hillbilly known at the Prince Edward Island logging camp of New Brunswick and Maine in "The Man Who Makes the Songs." Snow learned his blue notes from the Wrigley and radio voice of Jimmie Rodgers of Mississippi, who did for country music what Mark Twain did for American literature. And yet at the later life of both Snow and Rodgers were similar influences on both. Tom Coates, but on the young California folkie Oke, Merle Haggard. The points do not cross corroborations, but then the points tried to respect folk music only after its dead.

It's easy to say of Tom Coates, or of any other country singer (for problems to call what he does "hometown music"), that he's music is rudimentary and his band basic. By the time I was 15 I'd decided that all country music could be categorized as either trash or noise. To my family's bewilderment and despair I turned in the Metropolitan Opera Company and Saturday afternoons instead of the Oregon Project with Don Meier and his band. Then CFNY, Chateaugay. And that was right. At first as a wren. But what's an important discovery for a child another step toward maturity, may be sheet sheetlessness in an adult. For me at this point, though, I was very much like the very first, that it is great and poetic trapped to the bone. It's the only kind of music you can make by blunder or on a piece of toilet paper wrapped around a pocket comb. The songs that we'll be assign' won't be right but they'll be right."

What does he think about interviews and performances? "For 10 years nobody was interested in what I thought about anything. Now somebody's always asking me for my opinion about something. I like it!"

His companion on many of his hitchhiking expeditions was Steve Fost, who recently began to make records under the name, Standard Steve.

"Steve and me, once we went six days with nothing to eat except two packages of Fritos. We jumped off a freight by mistake and we were lost in the woods. This was in Ontario. We were lost and got lost and had to see if we could survive right in the middle of nowhere. That was bad enough, but we kept on having bad luck. Like, we tried to invent something to eat from this branch of guy working on the railroad, and they threatened to beat us up. They meant it, too. We had to run for it. Things like that kept happening. Then on the sixth day we knocked at the door of this house and this great big logger came to the door and when we asked him how was he about getting something to eat, he grabbed me by the shoulders and said all half-dragged, 'half-drown me into the

kitchen. I didn't know what in hell he was going to do. Then he yelled to his wife Hey, blow stretch a couple of things out. She even gave us some bread and meat to eat while we were waiting for the ham and eggs to cook. We were there three days. I went back there just yesterday for them that big guy and his wife. But they wasn't there any more. You never see a lot of nice people in the road."

John and Linda, who've done some hitchhiking, noted that most days there are probably fewer nice people and more nice kinds than there used to be.

Coates trails that over. "I think it depends on how dispense you are," he says. "Look, if you're hungry enough that he turned to pass me out of the menu of virtues immediately. During our local noon conversation, he responded by quoting from the Koran: 'Yeah, I read it,' he explained. "The Koran and the Bradleish surgeons and the Hindu sarpants and a lot of psychology and stuff. In Islamic country, when I was on the road. Growing up the way I did with with the emphasize and all, I'd been taught that down near everything God's was a sin. If you sin, you sin, and if it was a sin if you sin, you sin. But in the Islamic house, maybe the Islamic, but you'll do some body some of the country. I've met I never run into it, I haven't been dispense."

He talks about his life in the place where he's been. "Last year when I was driving through Saint John, I stopped to look at the place where the珊瑚海 used to be. It's part kind of a tourist spot now. I stayed there two or three hours just sitting and looking and thinking. It was a damn funny feeling. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. That's the way I feel sometimes when I look at the ocean. There's something inside me that wants to laugh and cry all at the same time."

"We all of us take another drink of beer and think about that. Then it's time for us to go. 'We know what it think sometimes,' Coates says as we shake hands (I give him a very firm hand-shake, remembering that he believes you can tell a lot about a man by the way he shakes hands). "It think sometimes that one of these days I'll just say to hell with all the damn thought and thinking, I'll just go out all the time and I'll be the road ranger like-hacker. Maybe I'll call it my King Arthur Store, and ask him to go with me. Right across Canada, and back. Yeah, one of these days I just may do that."

Outside, in the hotel corridor, Lundy asks me if I'm going to include Coates' last remark in what I'm going to write. "I'm not sure if you should," he says. "Almost everybody that reads that will think it sounds phony, and it would sound phony coming from almost anybody else. But it's not phony. He's for real."

"I know," I say. ■

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HARRY HUBAK from page 32

clothes covers the long rectangle table, edged by an abundance of carved wooden chairs. The floor from which all trace of linoleum and paint have long since worn away is as cold as the ground outside, the walls, the stone floorboards, the ceiling, the entire surface. The only warmth there, comes from the log-fired stove and from the stones that stand as a ready to be potted at any time of the day or night. Low, tiny windows frame snippets of the lake, and you forget that the sagging cardboard ceiling may collapse any minute. The picture, made from jagged pencils, hangs high on the walls and a bantam rooster sits on the shelf, with a chick out in play a moment, or, if it's winter, the mother out with her chicks.

Dave Lake's inhabitants number no more than 50. Twenty of these, including eight children, live in the village itself and, tucked into other bays around the lake and on various points line the now struggling rock houses. Farther away, on the hillsides stand 17 miles across the chain lake, two, a quiet voiced Eng.家庭 and, on another island, two miles from the settlement, lives an elderly loner who was once a sailor. Two other men live their precarious existence on the rocks, their thin clothes, wet as beavers, the sign of the hard existence and the new dampness of winter. All men, like Harry, who helped open up that particular area of our Canadian North and, like him, the bipart of a bipart era.

Harry's kitchen is never empty. People visit Harry as a routine, a mother of course, as they have done since childhood — and as old as ever before Harry. All who stop to eat him his home-brewed brews and an equal welcome. The conversation can be worthless, or the talk of old-timers, of hunting and fishing, or the reason why Harry just walked out on his — again. The only true conversation is elicited in when Harry meets one hard held high, the other resting on his amplest stomach, and turns to the radio, bringing news of the world he left behind.

Four years ago, Harry came to Deer Lake to live quietly trapping and fishing. He had no job, no place to live, and today the only place he could trail the wilderness is now indistinct. But he found that his cabin at the south end of the lake quickly became the last stopping place for fishermen and the many raters here on their way to Egg River, the next, further down, 72 miles south. No highway linked the wilderness with the outside cities, and Harry's cabin presented the last opportunity for a meal on the long journey down from the north on the freight-trail, a road built and used by commercial fishermen to get their loads of fish to the nearest railway station to be shipped to the United

States, where even today 50% of all the fish is caught. At the road or "cut trail," was another winding slice through the bush. This was flooded with water just after freeze-up. The sled houses holding their heavy loads often became "traps" or "furnaces" in the ice, which could then be used until the spring thaw.

In Harry's early days, houses drove the sleds and Harry still owns the house he used in the Thomas Lake summer a decade ago, though it's a bit dilapidated, a bit run down, "It will never make it out of the monkey," Harry said. He

should planned that he would not, after all, have the task of shooting a gun. You returned in the fall to survive yet another grueling winter. The house was a cold form out of Harry's life times and still holds something of a record for a house, living to 100 years.

The sleds were hard, hot, heavy and Harry, though, until today his boulders house is as pleasant as his more. What he means, which is often, his eyes disappear altogether forming yet two small creases in his heavily weathered cheeks, as no one ever really remembers

continued on page 45

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HARRY HUSAK continued

there this winter. That only time I ever saw Harry in a clean shirt was when someone gave him a red plaid shirt she let be dyed by an unknown tailor. Even then this soon became part of Harry's working family of 10: a mixture of kerosene, shaved and unshaved girls. "He can't eat and get more of a flame," he chuckles. "I fight up like a candle."

Harry arrived in Canada from the Ukraine in the winter of 1927, the same year he left his home in Russia. "I got out while you can," his father had told him. "I don't want you to find what I had to face." (When the western Ukraine was under Austrian occupation, Harry's father had served in the Austrian Army and had spent four years in Siberia.)

Harry got out, came to Canada, drifted north, where Indians were few and settled there among the Indians and half-breeds who became his friends. There are 10,000 Indians in the settlement. Those who are not white are Mists or as Harry puts it: "the people who live between two high walls" — the Indian wall and the White wall. "They bring their heads against one only to be pushed back against the other." The true Cree Indian is still to be found in the north, but the Indians who live five miles between their door and the "White" gate" on the highway.

The half-breed is not so fortunate. His character is not so well defined. The references in more distinct more overwhelming, and all kinds often unreliable. It emerges from the kids who have heard great "a-ha-ha" too often. Sweet little girls talk slowly like psychologists, can't look into a kid's eyes, fighting the world, racing to sell, to find for food, than just for the thrill of achievement. Fighting, misdeeds, lies, care and big Mackayian salutes with children's bodies. Children who know no truck, yet know pathetically little for whom it is late — for they have missed childhood. Childhood with strings of three to live or perhaps only sometimes learned to walk. Then, usually, did they are fed on their homes, their mothers as wacky '30 to '80 below zero temperatures, to walk anywhere, maybe across a icy lake when the wind blows hard at 100 miles an hour, the house a warm house, if they are there they remain afternumbing in the dark, until the snow has to become, "No, no again, today. You can't come here every day." That's right.

Tough kids. Harry knows them. For years he has looked after them. Fed them, played with them, given them a bed, got them to school when they were old enough. While Father was away the other side of the lake fishing and Mother readies an iron, or "catering" at home, both knowing they could depend on Harry. "Hell no," the younger children say about another

man. "He didn't sleep in the truck — he slept with my mother." When they were babies she would pack them in and go away — that way no one knew she was gone. Kills who various every possible way to save his wife and son's education in their own country, Canada.

And then they grew. A few years ago of three house into Harry's store. With an old Ford truck they pulled it behind the building, had chairs on the bars on the back window, and the bars bent, and made off with Harry's new monthly supply of groceries. Last summer it was his soft drink which he kept packed in a suitcase in the old house. They got in through the bay window. Harry didn't know how many babies had been taken before he discovered the boy.

"What can you do?" he shrugs. "I was never repeat. "I'm not so young man — and I have to live here."

In 1945 when a Ukrainian acquaintance suggested a walk to live at Dore Lake, Harry took him. In the gone Josef Tsvetko's small log cabin set to his own and the two into became friends for in and there, instead of paying rent, he did odd jobs for Harry, anything.

HARRY SETTLED AMONG THE INDIANS AND HALF-BREEDS WHO BECAME HIS FRIENDS

long grass between the cotton Harry ate, and chopping wood for the winter. For 25 years they have planned their garden and care that makes regular is Harry's leather, and for 25 years, for every meal and fast every afternoon cup of tea. Joe has remained Harry's guest. Winter and summer Harry has waddled over to Joe's cabin to invite him formally to dinner. "Harry doesn't care who he takes in," Harry says. "He takes in any half-breed with a hard-rolled cigarette one of the rough bairns can use in a cigar case, sits down and what. An old mat with a grey coat of matted tangled fur worn at his feet. "This is Harry's dog," Joe will tell you. "Don't you like Harry," he chuckles. "Ever since Harry got here he followed me around." "But on the rare occasions when you get so tired, the dog didn't follow me in Harry's cabin when I was working slowly on a footpath when I was working."

For over 40 years Harry has worked hard trying to obtain what he's pleased. From the Soviet Union. Three years ago, he finally received his permit from Russia — Harry, then 76, arrived at Dore Lake, bundled up in long black skirt and babushka a garment who had spent most of her life working at a coal mine in Siberia, where her only child, their daughter, Perenka, had died at the age of 30. She was in bad health and it appeared that the only thing that had kept Manya alive was her determination

to be reunited with her husband. When that happened both Joe and Manya became Harry's guest. Harry refused to allow Manya to cook for them. "She's no cook," he insisted. "She's not like this," he said. "She's from a different country." He nodded knowingly. "I feel sorry for Harry. With the coming of Manya, he felt he had lost a friend. True, the old old man seldom spent yet on their own peculiar way each was dependent on the other. And although they all were together, he wanted simple things left Harry for their wives and never separation of each other's company.

They never did catch up on their 40 year separation. For Manya died suddenly only eight months after the came to Dore Lake. Harry was not sure that day to go to her funeral in Big River, but the two never came to continue life as if there had been no interruption.

Few people know that Harry also was married. Behind his kitchen is a room into which no one ever entered. Behind the curtain that protects his bed room stands Harry's little-known past, in the form of framed photographs now dusty with age. One shows a young man in a tuxedo and a woman in a dark dress, with a bright-eyed, curly-haired girl clutching a man's three-quarter man clean, clinging to his arm. Harry's wedding portrait. Another shows a family portrait — Harry's sister, her husband and two daughters. Harry and his wife. But the most curious of all is an unusual snapshot of a little girl, perhaps six years old, with laughing eyes and a smile of such joy, looking an impress face, Harry's daughter.

When Harry was 80, he married the only daughter of a Ukrainian found in Big River. She was 16. Harry was a match maker then. In the Ukrainian tradition the girl's father paid Harry a handsome dowry of a horse, chacko, jacket and pants and Harry transferred his 2,000 krona into his wife's name. But the marriage was doomed. In October, seven years later, this daughter was as a friend without Harry's brother to witness the final leave-taking.

"Can I do this to me?" Harry gazed with his hands at his wife, asking her things. "Can't you help me?" but she left with another man, taking their daughter with her. Harry hasn't seen his daughter in ever. He saw his wife again two years ago. She came to see him. "But," Joe confided to me, "she wouldn't go away, he could." Harry told me about her last visit. "Yeah, yeah. She come to see me. She's coming back for Christmas." But she never came.

When I came back from the city with a newborn son last spring, Harry paid as a kindred visit. With my son, sitting down the deep base of his chucka —

maybe in sympathy with the surviving infant I was about to change — he threw a blue cover-all bib onto my head and two paper bags full of icing for my two children. "Welcome to Canada," he said. "She's not with you," he said. "She's from a different country." He nodded knowingly. "I feel sorry for Harry. With the coming of Manya, he felt he had lost a friend. True, the old old man seldom spent yet on their own peculiar way each was dependent on the other. And although they all were together, he wanted simple things left Harry for their wives and never separation of each other's company."

It is hard for Harry to visualize a man going to the moon, walking on it and returning to earth. When there were blizzards in San Francisco and an earthquake in Los Angeles (before and after Apollo 14's successful journey) Harry said, "All's it's because they are going to the moon. I'm not a religious man, but we are here for a purpose." He thinks God says, "When a manate, you go for too far fast," and holds it back a bit.

"People were happier in the old days," he says. "They had to work for necessities to make a living, and the pace was 'go slow.' Today we have wide roads but no time. When I was a boy we played football in winter. Now man has the education to go to the moon."

Like most Ukrainian immigrants, he refers to ice to gauge the temperature. He thinks winter. True, it is a good one. "After all," he says, "it isn't as cold as it's always and do because. He has to travel and meet the people so he able to put the country in better shape. As another Ukrainian once remarked when referring to make a will leaving his money to anyone, "This country's been good to me — the government can have it."

Harry loves quietly now. He is an old man. Yet his smile is still open most times of day or night, for he does not need so long a sleep and he rises early. American still come from as far afield as Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Ohio and Florida to buy their mouse and with their political — or just to see Harry again.

Dore Lake still has no post office, no TV, no public sewage system, no year round electricity. Harry's. Yet it is possible that civilization will find Harry, perhaps sooner than the world has done. Last fall the provincial government offered an incentive well for the community — right in Harry's yard. And we now have a streetlight — right by Harry's house.

I wonder what Harry hoped to achieve when he raised his hook on the world and came to northern Canada 40 years ago. His fortune as a free trader. Hardly. For today Harry is an extremely poor man, and his credit extends beyond the north.

Perhaps, like the happens of today who think they are setting a precedent by living apart from civilization, he was seeking something else. I wonder if they — or he — will ever find it. ■

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met a new close party steady going control of Vancouver city hall. In the picture, Lawson's hand reaches down, appearing into a shiny suit.

"I didn't know what to put in it," says the art director. "I chose a suit and Ed Lawson. He is a man who is changing Canada's government. But this, she has added the portrait. "An eagle wrapped in a middle somewhere by a roadsign."

An art director, for Lawson doesn't go much of himself away. He is particularly studious regarding his early upbringing. It's unfortunate he didn't have been pleasure. He was born Adolf Lachowicz, the youngest of four children, in Spy Hill, a cluster 150 miles east of Regina. When he was six weeks old, the family left BC and one day, shortly after, his father walked out. When he was ten, his brother took sick. Lawson doesn't know what happened to him.

The three boys and a sister were shuffled around various foster homes before they were rounded on a farm in the Fraser Valley east of Vancouver. The BC Gazette shows that in 1953, when he was 22, Adolf Lachowicz had his name legally changed to Edward Morris Lawson. Lawson doesn't feel the switch is a response's business and he declines to discuss it.

In those pre-hair-dryer days he can recall the daily face or cottage cheese for breakfast, cottage cheese for lunch and "to give the impression that dinner was different, cottage cheese sprinkled with onions."

A devout Lawson houses these days at a table in the Hotel Georgia coffee gardens where a band of leavened crust preservatives, perhaps a judge and a newspaper type or two exchange gossip and wisdom in what is known modestly as "The Georgia, Law School." Lawson along with his familiar glass of milk, will occasionally order cottage cheese sprinkled with cream cheese — a frightening form of remoulade.

As 15 he quit school to work. "He was pretty thin," remembers Claude Baudier, wife of the New Westminster garage owner who hired him. "The rest needed breaking up."

His first job in the union movement was at the day the Iron-ore track driver tried to organize a nonunion working men. He was fired for his efforts and the grateful Teamster Ford lay up with a job in Kraemer, the home aluminum project up the BC coast which attracted workers from around the world. The bootstrap-looking youngster found his self job seeking, mastering the intricacies of jurisdictional problems on the massive construction project. He was soon president of the port union control council, earning 3,000 men. Two years later he was

back in Vancouver as a Teamster bus-ness agent.

"I can remember it clearly because my starting pay was \$60 a week. The income tax about on my Keweenaw pay cheque was about \$100. It was enough, however, to marry the daughter of a pharmacist he had met and be married 15 years earlier."

The spectacular rise through the rough Teamster ranks was underway. He was only 26 when elected president of the Teamster Joint Council for BC. Today the arbitrage plaque on his office wall clearly states that he has flown the equivalent of more than 40,000 miles around the world on Teamster and Service business, which is a lot of chartered planes.

In those early days he struck up a volatile acquisition/partnership. Jack Wassermaier,

the longtime Vancouver flew group columnist recalls, as a young reporter, strolling across the unique workings of a Teamster pension fund. He confirmed the now down-at-heels Teamster Leader. "I presented him with the information," remembers Wassermaier. "He looked it over and said, 'You're right. There's something wrong here.' It was the first straight answer I'd ever received."

LAWSON IS AN ENTHUSIASTIC WRITER IN A NUGGLE SURROUNDED BY A CONGREGATION

From a Teamster executive:

Over the years Lawson's accomplishments have piled up to a writer's inventory on his labor. After meeting Social Credit's promise to be their representative on a number of commissions and boards, notably Lawson accepted a 1969 appointment to the royal commission examining BC liquor laws ("I understand it's great out if it's raining the sun on a cold morning, but I just can't stand the taste of it").

Obama has tapped him in this past for duty on both the Canada Pension Plan Advisory Committee and the Consumer Credit Consumer Council. He has been a director of the BC Lions and a director on the Vancouver port that attempted to gain control of the U.S.-owned Vancouver Canucks NHL franchise.

And, of course, those political feathers. There have been, he says, those Social Credit enthusiasts whispering about a cabinet post. Those were, he says, the quan federal Liberal approach, talking about a post-ministerary secretary position with a cabinet post in the offing if he would run. It was not under the present administration, he says, which would end it in the Prime Minister's administration. And finally, that \$180,000-a-year after-mid-October that came in the year after his Senate appointment.

Some Lawson watchers (i.e. the press)

feel he made the first strategic error of his remarkable career in accepting the Senate offer. It simply cut off many future options for a man of his relative youth, those little doubts the majority of Vancouver could be had if he deserted. And he could see him as leader of the Liberal party if he desired, poised for the day Premier Bennett is carried from his disease.

An interesting commentary on the whole Teamster story that Lawson has itself, when Prime Minister Trudeau phoned one 1978 Friday evening offering a Senate seat, politely indicated he wasn't interested. The Prime Minister urged him not to make such a quick decision but to consult friends and colleagues over the weekend.

Lawson naturally called Washington to talk to Feinstein, the party's predominant Teamster chief who has succeeded Hoffa. "He's sold out," remarks Lawson. "Surely if you're called upon to serve you have a duty to serve." He had served as a Canadian political part by the urging of his American colleague, Lawson phoned Trudeau on Monday morning to accept. The suggestion remains among some Lawson-worshippers that this ends that the Teamster boss doesn't want to irritate the difference between the U.S. Senate and the Canadian Senate and that they wanted that "no" tag on their meadow more than Lawson's realism.

With that slip, Lawson arrived at the Teamster's Metro Beach mansion last summer determined to push his point that a Canadian deserved to be elected to one of the 14 automatically vice-president posts. It apparently was a bitter fight with Lawson prepared to put his career on the line. The final signal that he had won came when Trudeau appeared behind his chair at an extensive meeting, dropped a glass of water over his head and growled: "You son, you're all right."

By the time the floor was confirmed the executive decision, Lawson had collapsed at a Miami hospital. Jack Wassermaier diagnosed his son as being in deep depression as a result of the result of failing the vice-presidential sweep with a 200-Count. Teamster, a Teamster, he said, was that of the city of Los Angeles.

Lawson's bubbly port boasts him when quizzed on his total income come up. There is that \$18,000 from the Senate plus \$30,000 expenses, the \$30,000 from the Teamster plus a "small honorarium" which he won't specify from another Teamster post. For a healthy \$50,000 to \$60,000 out all. He is full of elaborate explanations as to how the Senate salary will add only \$7,000 and how extraordinary his cross-country baby-sitting costs and so on until an interviewer is tempted to cry out, "Relax, Ed! You've carried it. You deserve it."

Some Lawson watchers (i.e. the press)

continued on page 54



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CRTC ruling, and since politicians on the part of whom (for their own political reasons and in their own special ways) have a hand in the King speech, the case.

The chief focus of the new nationalists has been on economics because it's in this sphere that the loss of identity and control has been most evident. (The theory of how little we own of our industry and resources has become as familiar to every schoolboy as the name of Canada.) But there's also evidence of a growing awareness that economic nationalism means cultural domination, political domination, intellectual domination — in sum, external control of a country that's in danger of losing its independence entirely through a failure of the will to be.

The trouble is that the nationalist cause, like the country it means to dominate, is not now, in fact, ascendant — and leadership?

The closest thing the movement has to a leader is a key participant in Walter Gordon's beautiful series of popularly Canadian (and Gordon is rich, witty, self-deprecating, approachable, malleable and committed) to working within the existing political system — qualities that might prove in any other country to be dire handicaps for a belief in an ideological revolution, but that in that one have compensated strengths, simply because they're allowed here to survive. When he first formed his ideas in the Thirties, the prevailing theory among the intellectual bourgeoisie and political élites in the country was that Canada needed to shake off from under the British yoke, by becoming more obviously North American. Hardly anybody seemed to consider that ridding Canada of British influence left it wide open to American domination, that we were exchanging one kind of colonialism for another. Gordon, however, had been a young and active as a management consultant in the business consultancy and in the business consultancy saw that American capital was moving into the country at an alarming rate, and decided to fight back. Some time in 1938, he hatched his first Gordonian scheme — he was going to save Canadian industry for Canadians, all on his own initiative. He related a couple of big businesses (J. Y. Marlock of Normand Mine and Arthur Parvo of Canadian Industries) to him and went off to London to get bond capital from British financiers with the notion that when a Canadian company was put up to sell, the Gordon-Marlock-Parvo group would rescue it from the Americans and, after the rescue debt was paid off, Canadian would be in control. Discussions about the scheme were well under way when, in 1939, the British financiers wrote him regretfully that because of the impending war they wouldn't be

allowed to send capital out of the mother country and Gordon had to give up the idea.

After the war, there were two obstacles to any kind of nationalist drive: the idea of "internationalism" (the "one-world" idea, that spread through the Western world via a secret frame and had English-Canadian intellectuals knowing each other to warn their heads in at thinking the fight). The other was C. D. Howe, a transplanted Yankee capitalist who wielded immense power during the Mackenzie King and St. Laurent regimes as Minister of Trade and Commerce. Howe not only opposed American investment in Canada but went out of his way to do it here. And in this conviction he had the support of just about every hard head in the country.

Gordon was stubbornly unconvinced that continentalists (which is what the Canadian breed of internationalists was turning out to be) American money established over the border at the rate of three million dollars a day was as glorious a phenomenon as Howe and his

BOILING CANADA OF BRITISH INFLUENCE LEFT IT OPEN TO AMERICAN DOMINATION

shorts thought. When he was appointed Chairman of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects in 1955, he set out to question the long-term impact on the country of our loss of economic control. Just as his ministerial report was published, the Liberals were thrown out of office in the election of 1957 and John Diefenbaker, who ought to have been at least moderately responsive to the continentalists' demands, moved at once as a Gordonite without place in his programme, the programmatic source of Canada.

Undaunted, Gordon decided the thing to do was to get into power a government amenable to his ideas, so he enlisted, or so he thought, his old friend Lester Pearson in the cause, raised money for the party, organised the leadership and started a campaign of the like. Politics and early sinus stood for election himself and, finally, in 1963, after being named Minister of Finance as Pearson's cabinet brought down his first budget. The budget, which was meant to put off some of his ideas about saving the economy for Canadians, was conceived in haste, attacked in hasty, and padded a total failure. Some of his pronouncements were magnificently and others insanely sensible, but all of them were savaged by his enemies as the machinations of a sophomore naivete. The important that

Gordon was saved by because of his future duty the movement still.

Gordon eventually resigned from the cabinet after the election of 1965 and his nationalist proposals were reflected publicly at the Liberal policy conference the next year by continentalists who were antagonists in the Assembly in the party, and have remained so to this day. Gordon was snatched back into the government by Lester Pearson in 1967 with the promise that he could set up a task force to study the whole problem. But the continental wisdom in Ottawa at the time was that Pearson was using his position as a sop to his constituents because he owed Gordon so much and the task force was seen simply as a diversion to keep him quiet.

At this point continentalism was at its lowest ebb and Gordon had nobody to turn to except a few loyal friends, some of them continental (such as Bernier), others, like the editor of *the Canadian Lawyer*, the only paper in the country that had consistently supported continentalism) and some obscure (such as Abramis Rostrom, who was then a tenured professor of political economy at the University of Toronto).

In his isolation, Rostrom was very nearly an isolated figure as Gordon was in his. His cause to economic nationalists as a graduate student in the early Sixties but he didn't go public on the issue until the summer of 1968, when he attacked, in the *Canadian Forum*, a book called *The Canadian Question* by Harry Johnson, the chief theorist of continentalist economists. Johnson was a Canadian who'd destined his brain at a young age to the University of Chicago and even afterwards looked at the world mainly as the basis of economic efficiency. (He apparently goes something like "Canada can't compete with the United States in the U.S.A. which is large, therefore we should integrate with the larger market for fear it will appear as out, a notion someone likes to talk in a measure that he ought to join a country because they're better products." It conspicuously ignores the reality that the arts are likely to isolate the masses before one can measure "economics of scale.") Johnson's attack on Johnson, which was brilliantly and humanely rendered, was regarded by most of his colleagues in continental, a young man's stubborn, though undoubtedly clever, expression of an idea he'd probably enjoyed.

The *Forum* review elicited two very interesting sympathetic letters. One, which was unsigned, began "My dear Rostrom" was signed "Peter E.T." and said that the review had caused Trudeau, then a professor at the University of Montreal, to reconsider his own thinking but that on balance he still favored Johnson. The other was from Walter Gordon who recognized a dis-
continued on page 50

party line

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GROWING UP continued

days when he read one. Gander kept it there with Rutherford over the next three years and when he came to organize his cabinet task force it was to Rutherford that he turned for advice.

Rutherford suggested that he get another young University of Toronto economist named Mel Watkins to head the study, since his own, nationalist bias might prove a detriment to the objective. The task force chairman, a right to left Rutherford, who'd grown up in the bush country near Picton, Ontario, but learned economics at MIT in Boston, had been a Harry Johnson consequentialist. Rutherford said of his professorial life: "He was now reappreciating his older. By the time the task force, which included Rutherford, was over when it consists in its first, had been completed 18 months later, he'd changed from what he called a 'consequentialist' into a "radical" nationalist and a radical to boot. "I came to realize in that year and a half," he said later, "that nationalism in Canada has to mean nationalism in the sense that we must sever ourselves from the Americans if we're to escape the political horrors of American imperialism of the land we were witnessing in Vietnam. And in that context nationalism was not a piece of ringmaster-sophomore fancy, as the Johnson economists would have us believe, but a contingency imperative."

Watkins' official task force spent a relatively mild discussion on how to limit the American take-over of the economy through criteria carefully re-persuaded government ministers, was organized in Ottawa and laughed at by businessmen elsewhere, an attitude that made Watkins feel so adrift of the system. He'd always worked so diligently for the right to left that he had had to be "done." In his frustration Watkins turned to the NDP and the left-wing, anti-American, anti-Wallace movement in the party's committee in Winnipeg in October, 1969.

What the Wallers said they wanted to do was to separate the Canadian economy through nationalization of key American assets here, an idea that was almost as alarming to the old-line union-busting, peasant revolution of the NDP as it was to the dementia of Bay and St. James Streets.

The importance of the CEC goes beyond its proslavery and its great courage. It was and is a middle-class movement made up for the most part of men and women who'd never before in their lives painted a cause and had always operated within the system to the degree that many of them were helping to run it. These had been isolated nationalists who'd come along at respectable intervals for years — by Donald Creighton, Harold Innis and George Grant in the academic community, by G. O'Farrell, the founder of Canadian Dimension and a Manitoba NDP M.P., by Eric Kierans

nationalist, Newman had been broaching as the man for months and during that lunch, which is now mythologized as some sort of the movement in The Beginning Rutherford and Gander agreed with Newman's conclusion that the formation of some kind of strong, close, country extra-parliamentary pressure group held the only hope of forcing the federal government to deal with the problem. The three of them decided then and there to establish an organization they noted in an excess of rhetorically fancy, The Committee For An Independent Canada. It was meant to provide a focus for nationalists with ideas less radical — though as little as possible — than those of the Wallers.

What happened in the CEC in the two years since that lunch is well known: how the three originally got together is a composite of 13 of their friends to form a steering committee; the fact that they had friends like Eddie Goodman, Claude Ryan, Paul McClelland, Dale Moore, John P. Jack, Jim Goods, Mel Hung and Tasuno Park did them no harm; then expanded the group to a sponsoring list of 200 (of the 100 of

I CAME TO REALIZE THAT RADICALISM IN CANADA HAD TO MEAN NATIONALISM

Barrie Berlin, Betsy Kennedy, Jack Webster, Gander, Fairweather and so on), how they set up a speakers bureau to engage in an endless round robin of talks and debates on every kind of topic from Kissinger's Club luncheons to nuclear bombs in gatherings of high and low achievers, how they were distributed through their regional offices 75,000 Kegs, H. Chardine, bitters, reflected 175,000 registrars on a petition to be presented to the Prime Minister held a convention in Thousand Bay on December 1971, which drew commentaries from every province, and generally assimilated the media with carefully inscribed material left off the off-the-rack inserts, all designed to acquaint the country with the sensibilities of the far-right ownership class.

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who'd been converted from communism during his tenure as a minister in the Langevin government but the CEC, because of its makeup, was able to focus nationalist ideas in an individual could the Company of Old Canadians, various MPs and business men could have abhorred that the whole thing was an unfashionable conspiracy, but nobody was really able to say that the CEC was made up of a bunch of losers because its members were so proudly straight.

For all that the organization was not

an instant the withering of nationalism

in an agency far to express

itself. "We were simply going to see

ideas where there were no ideas you could work in every segment of the society," says Rutherford.

The segment that the society could be most concerned with was the intellectual community where there occurred in the late Sixties a series of movements in nationalism among heavy thinkers in their young middle age. The most prominent of them was Jean Baudrillard of the University of Toronto, who'd been a Harry Johnson consequentialist, though he'd ingrained himself out of that being an odd cut on that coast, Ken Levitt of McGill, Donald Smiley of UBC and Chrysostom Barber of the University of Manitoba, who'd never committed themselves publicly not way or another, and Robert Falleld who wrote a cool feminist piece in Saturday Night pointing out how wrong he and all the other central consequentialists of the Sixties had been in their conviction that the only thing the Indians did was to "graduate from Canada."

These movements around the same time were a strong gathering of intellectuals and artists for whom cultural nationalism was not an avowed or popular but simply an expression of self. They didn't invent them, but they helped. In that group we counted many of the newly minted PhDs in history, political science or economics under the age of 30, all the young men who founded book publishing houses as an expression of their convictions (Peter Martin of Peter Martin Associates, Dennis Lee of Anansi, David Godfrey of New Press, Mel Hung of Hung Books and the two who gave their names to the firm of James, Lewis & Stinson), artist poets (Margaret Atwood, Evelyn MacLeod, Peter Seven, Dennis Lee and Al Purdy, who's older than the others but probably even more transnational), a few novelists (Atwood and Godfrey again, as well as Odette O'Leary) and a good many playwrights led by Tom Huns, who are extremely fond of Canadian content in their plays.

Nationalism also took hold as a form of education on university campuses in the late Sixties, but it had an instant vocal expression in Ontario, as a result of the influence of Mel Watkins and his fellow Waller, James Lister, and two professors from Carleton University in Ottawa named Robin Mathews and James Steele. Mathews and Steele made a speaking tour of campuses across the country in 1970 to argue an outcry against the take-over of Canadian university faculties by expatriate Americans and, in their wake, there was a wave of student protests over the widespread use of American methods. For all that Mathews and Steele on their tour insisted with the dangers of spreading foreign academic to Canadian universities, probably did the antinationalist movement more harm than good. In the academic community at least, most of their pronouncements were so extreme it sounded as though they wanted the borders sealed to all other emanating elsewhere and they quickly gained a reputation as the Westermers of the nationalist movement.

Militant nationalism was now filtered down to the high schools when it occasionally takes on a fine abrasives flavor — as it did last fall in a statement made by a biology colleague in Port Colborne, Ont., so the effect that this was not of Ed. Law, the wanted Can. Lot ("I don't give a damn for Miles and Trenton, give me Al Purdy and Rock Carrie")

Serious nationalists used to look benignly on this kind of belligerency when they do an iconoclastic expression of primitive antinational bank cheques imprinted with Lake Ontario views, painted credits for dissidents like the "I'm Proud To Be A Canadian" scroll put out by the Canadian Indian League, Legion, Canadian Legion, Ontario Lodge rhetoric replete with gold stars, red roses and anachronistic High Gothic lettering, and Kloner bows in Canadian motifs (Cree Indian beadwork, Upper Canada Iroquois, Quebec Five Centuries Iroquois Stamps). You can take your pick, aware in the knowledge that should you feel yourself unconsciously in the United States and in need of blowing your nose, there is always the Kloner Americana collection.

Pennsylvania Dutch Embroidery, Navajo Indian Cross-stitch, American Eagle Cross, like that.

Still, there are a few bastionists who regard the nationalist phenomenon in something more serious than a chit-tend to be exploded and among those who've displayed concern about the country's future if foreign capital invades, one shouldn't be like Major, the President of Bencan, Miles Hodge of Belding Corp., and David Kinsella, the President of the T. Eaton Co. The fact that these experts in public or Canadian in charge of Canadian firms are echoed occasionally in private by middle-level executives in

expansion in Ontario, as a result of the influence of Mel Watkins and his fellow Waller, James Lister, and two professors from Carleton University in Ottawa named Robin Mathews and James Steele. Mathews and Steele made a speaking tour of campuses across the country in 1970 to argue an outcry against the take-over of Canadian university faculties by expatriate Americans and, in their wake, there was a wave of student protests over the widespread use of American methods. For all that Mathews and Steele on their tour insisted with the dangers of spreading foreign academic to Canadian universities, probably did the antinationalist movement more harm than good. In the academic community at least, most of their pronouncements were so extreme it sounded as though they wanted the borders sealed to all other emanating elsewhere and they quickly gained a reputation as the Westermers of the nationalist movement.

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multinational corporations who've taken to visiting Walter Gordon and other known nationalists the kind of letters that begin "This is off the record" and continue with variations of "We had it to do with the cyclical with being sold what to do by some guy in Chicago who signed up to my plan once a year, knew next to nothing about my employer's needs, and care for nothing except taking out higher profits."

To go on documenting the growth of pro-nationalist sentiment in Canada over the last five years would take a book (in fact, it's been written). The Canadian publishing industry is booming as never before, with 2,110 titles published in 1985 as opposed to 1,000 in 1970, a decade earlier. Some months it seems as though half that output is devoted to sponsored appraisals of our state of boggery.

Besides all the writings to print that have been issued by individuals, the implications of foreign domination here have been studied and reviewed officially by the government itself, starting with the Report of the Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects in 1957, the *Oilstudy Report* and *Propositions* in 1961, the *Watkins Report* in 1965, the *Wright Report* in 1969 and the *Gray Report* in 1973.

Why the silence in it then — it may sensibly be asked — if there is this much strong feeling in the country about maintaining Canadian independence and any number of carefully documented propanes for how to go about it, that Ottawa refuses to act?

The quick answer is that the opposition to nationalism is not being heard and remains half-happy and half-fear.

The people who control the Canadian economy at the civil service level have lived in Ottawa for a entire lifetime and their thinking is dominated by institutional views they found in the Marquis and early Flittons when C. D. Howe was in print. They believe that if progress Canada has to sign off and manage a continuing compromise with the Americans. This idea of feasible accommodation is so close to their thinking at the moment, say, that French would be the only voice that won't belong to the upturn dining room in the Radisson Club, or that the *Times Literary Supplement* really still where everything's at. For most of the period that they've known power, their commitment to accommodation was smoothed by the fact that the men they argued with in the State Department in Washington were in a very real sense their opposite numbers. They were serving Americans, talking to Americans arriving. Americans are committed they'd even played tennis together at Oxford or met on the squash courts at Harvard (James Gould Coates and C.

P. Snow didn't make those guys up, you know") they can't.

The fact that their own world was united when Richard Nixon gained power and the U.S. Treasury Department granted permission to do so-called "special relationships" between the U.S. and Canada with the creation of Nascencon hasn't penetrated their psyche. For them accommodation is still in Canada's best interest and they believe that intact with anomaly expressed since warning to the effect that our standard of living will drop if we try to maintain our economic independence (the opinion they're supposed to have of the big powers) the majority of the people I've talked to say that our standard of living can't be maintained over the long term in any case. I've not yet deeper into the international economy rule that in fact it's not being maintained now where 75% of the employable adults in the country are without jobs.

All this officially places us much emphasis if not on the rule, at least on the responsibility of the bureaucrats. They do profit the advice on which the economy is run but, as they've fled of saying,

OPPOSITION TO NATIONALISM IS POWERFUL AND BISTS ON HABIT, INERTIA, AND FEAR

they are "simply the servants of our political masters." The kind of enormous conceptual shift that a change from international to national is to encourage nationalists would involve more than the political sector.

The trouble is that the nationalistic policies in the three major federal political parties are, for their individual reasons, reluctant to come to terms with nationalism. All this election year long they're like little police patrolling at the problem, like horses running on the surface, too frightened to climb into the ring.

The Liberal position is the easiest to comprehend. It's traditionally the most conservative party. It has in Pierre Trudeau a leader sufficiently and emotionally comparable with the main-stream view of nationalism. In senior members from English Canada (Shea, Drury, Jamieson) its desire to be seen as the natural home of C. D. Howe and in senior members from French Canada (Pépin, Pepin, Marchand) have cultivated themselves for a decade fighting a form of nationalism in Quebec. In addition, among the French members who have a solid base of political advantage there is an acceptance of political advantage that is as solid as any commercial commitment to nationalism or with anything to gain by making the PM's departure through standing up to him on the issue.

That is why, when it became apparent

in 1970 that the Liberals were going to have to face some official response to nationalist demands, the responsibility for supervising yet another government study of the problem and the subsequent formation of policy fell to Herb Gray. Gray was vaguely committed to nationalism but he was a newcomer to cabinet with an obvious Free-Trade chum and with a personality sufficiently ambiguous to allow him to endorse the endorsement of some of his report disengaged. When the government finally issued the *Gray Report* in May and then proceeded to bring down a law that ignored most of its findings, Gray was asked by a reporter how he felt. He responded somewhat dismally: "Well, I guess they did the right thing."

The response of the Official Opposition was just about as weakly, a situation that reflects the contradiction in which the Tory Leader finds himself. Bill Stoeltje is just one of his fellow Conservatives who is "dubious on the issue. Intellectually, he would be willing to make moderate steps to control foreign investment and he knows he leads a party that's historically anti-national; but emotionally he's still tied to the Marquis myth that you need enlightened foreign capital to keep the power regions of the country viable." Although he's under tremendous pressure from among elements in his party — mostly Bill Davis, Peter of Dennis and Ed Gaudet, a former National Organizer — to be a nationalist vis-à-vis his response to the then-born issue, he will not be swayed.

The NDP's position is odder still. Although the party officially espouses nationalism, the old-line elements within it are engaged in a desperate fight to render irrelevant its record, not national. Waffle wags All along long when the NDP leader David Lewin, got up in the House to urge his party to support a resolution to ban hospital grants in support of the cause, he sounded like a frightened fool.

Where that vacillating leaves the nationalist movement this summer is in a formative phase. One phase of it, the very Canadian, polite, good-natured-with-the-system phase, is obviously ending as moderate nationalists begin to apply the kind of dissatisfaction that with other issues, in other places has led to resounding political alignment to the formation of new parties and the election of new leaders.

What will trigger the next phase, or what form it will take in an unknown. But nationalism has taken two forms in Canada: the continentalists to quickly waver away. And whatever the genuine continentalists may think the love of their lands is over. If continental nationalists don't get them, Nationalists will. ■

LIBERATED WOMAN from page 28 since and success was stronger than love and concern. It left her alone on a grey January morning in 1948 and ended in Canada.

After a brief sleep as a snowbank at Yarwood I decided that was not the path for a writer. I went to the Ontario College of Art and applied for a job as an artist's model. Within minutes I was shown into a small room, told to take off my clothes and then introduced to a large class of students whose model had arrived. It was an almost entry into the world of art. About this time I sold a few short stories to the *Whistler Newspaper Syndicate* for five dollars each.

The University of Alberta hired me to work as a model in the Buff School of Fine Art for five dollars a day plus food and accommodations, for four hours work. It meant a paid holiday in the Rockies. I answered to all of it in the paper to drive west and made the trip for less than \$5. At the end of my contract I took to the road and headed back to Vancouver. I found a job as a secretary in the Board of Trade, but gave it up at the start of the fall modeling sessions without closing the market. There was one art school and only two art students with enough money to pay a model.

Thanks to Ray Vasey, a CBC producer I met at Buff, I had sold a couple of talks to the CBC, but because things were precarious I decided to return to Montreal at Ray's invitation, sent my luggage on by freight, borrowed \$20 from an artist to go to the one I had left, and set out not to hitchhike via the *Us and Them*.

The border authorities refused to let me cross, and I was left with no alternative, but to hitchhike across the Trans-Canada Highway. It was supposed and had been crossed by car for the first time only two years earlier, a fact I learned much later. I didn't have a map. I had no idea where the mountains were, or even in what order the provinces came. Seven days later I arrived at Buff's door, still with my pack.

It was the end of October and I had been in Canada was months. I was 22. Too old for fame. My decision was poor. I was willing to settle for any kind of work that used my writing talents, but there were no offers. I fare-hopped, running out surplus for CBC International Service, and modeled seven days a week, often just four a day. McGill University, Ecole des Beaux Arts, Sir George Williams, the Art Gallery the Victoria School of Commercial Art, were all good for two-to-four-week runs, with numerous small evening art classes and appointments with private artists thrown in for full measure. It was a bust-up. I kept a big appointment book and everyone was listed in my card index.

In June of the following year I married a young CBC announcer.

Personally I was mad at being a sex object. After all, that's how I regarded a man. I just didn't want to wait on him. After 20 years I still don't. I'm continually amazed how some women wish, want and live the life.

So why am I telling you? Am an unpretentious moment of opinion, I really thought I could create something different. After 18 months on the model I had a sudden need for security, for love. And I was "in love." That wasn't unusual, it had never prompted me to marry before. But Jack was different. Again from anything she he was in a

creative profession and I thought perhaps with her I could have a first full marriage. And all those bright broad-casting models would drop in without ceremony and we would chat out the problems of the world. How oddible those were! young, wistful, workmen, content with bread-and-buttering and roses. They wanted to be invited, and then they wanted to be entertained. Which was difficult as we pursued only an old kitchen table, three chairs and one mismatched bed, on which we buried ourselves all night so continued on page 82

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LIBERATED WOMAN continued

carefully with a home, children and combining employment, and still have time for leisure and a quiet time to recharge, demanded a woman of exceptional stamina. And I wasn't one.

When Wilson was 18 months old I took a part-time job as executive secretary of a nonprofit organization. My first task came of Wilson. But the pressure of work often kept me in the office until three in the afternoon and I would rush home without lunch, tired and irritable, to clean the house and get dinner.

I finally took a job as information officer with an organization of local and metropolitan agency and formed a home-care plan. I had a series of housekeepers but they didn't solve my problems. Except for the first they were all filling in time between jobs and were totally unemployable and could get nothing else. They want to go out to eat so that they knew what was healthy and fresh and that all those relatives had a new one every two years, unlike my 10-year-old neighbor, who had a fresh meal and I often came home. Fresh meat and half the washing in the washing machine, other hands waiting to do more, and I another in the dryer. I cleaned most weekends and spent more than \$8000 on housekeepers in four years. But even a little assistance is better than none. Today I have no one except my occasionally able help. My father died three years ago. I hadn't realized how much work he had put into until he was gone. The washing machine overflowed, the dishes piled up and there was no patient friendliness to play interminable games with Wilson.

Now I reached the real crucial. The whole question of liberation founders on the very simple nature of human nature. A family on the move hasn't time to pick up its dirty washing or straighten the towels or replace the soap on the soapholder. And the woman who wants to go out to eat is a necessary short. I know. True, one Alter, a liberator of liberation. I'm a shorty, mostly because I'm tired. And I carry my working mother to that, the only.

I spent five years as an information officer. Today I'm a public relations director and editor. I work under the pressure I put on myself because I enjoy doing a good job. I also want to be a good mother. I'll never be a good mother in the traditional sense because I'm too little of myself left at the end of the day. Yet because I do want to try, and because I have very little energy, I give it to my family, so I have run out my social life entirely.

I'm not against Women's Lib, how could I be? I'm a working mother, but its espousals are so facile they're unattractive. Too many of them are like Betty Friedan, who has already forgotten the

gaieties of raising a home, or Germaine Greer, who with only 25 days of marriage under her belt hasn't even participated them. They are, of necessity, theoretic, academic, often caught up in a world of semantics.

The making of Women's Lib are very fundamental. If you take an outside job you can concentrate on mothering, or denning or cooking. But there is no way you can do all three properly, short of working 20 hours a day. With an unfortunately, cooking means a poor meal. Which is odd, in we only like good food. No one will eat TV dinners or dehydrated potatoes, take morsels or frozen pies. But food needs time and energy to prepare well and I have little of either. So, out of the time, we settle for a quick fix-up of toast, chips or boiled chicken breasts, and on really bad days great heaping of baked beans on toast. And we eat out. So there is no time to do the washing, or to get enough exercise. I've always wondered about those people who get fit jogging from the refrigerator. I never hear able in fit implying exercise except a walked military stick on an ancient piece of watermelon.

Actually, if I wasn't the Fringe, I would think we ought to run to death. She usually gets home from school early these days a week and gets the dinner started. She has always paid part of the price of my liberation, but she never complaint. And on the credit side of the ledger we seem to have had a generation gap than anyone I know. Perhaps my being only a part-time mother makes it better friends.

If cooking in fact most around our place, housework doesn't make out much house. Sometimes I feel I'm drowning in dirt, clutter — especially dirt — and unwashed clothes. And I hate disorder!

With Jack at work, evenings are a special occasion, particularly as Germaine Greer on television has taught us to give your wife a special gift. The last time I broke in. Actually I broke it. I should say I finished off the job the manufacturer started two years ago, when they made it and I bought it, and I burnt my toast for two years and I finally decided to reflect the cost of bread. So I'm making the toast in the cheese grater. And squeezing orange. And boiling eggs. And making tea. And I'm trying to feel understood by Wilson. I know I get out understand. I pat them right there on top of your shirt. There are no underpants on top of the shirt. There are no underpants on the line (after the dryer broke down for the seventh time I gave up). There's still a wash in the machine, maybe there are some underpants there. At the back of a drawer I find a small pair of woolly socks that my aunt Lucy knitted when Wilson was two. He

is now eight. Thank God they still fit. The toilet has burst and I struggle chair-side and step out off the griller. The eggs are hard boiled and the kettle has boiled dry. Franny has an hour's ride to school and she's late. Without, his live minutes walk and her's early if he gets too soon we might catch on the roof or decide to explore the school buildings both off hours. The vet has diagnosed diarrhea and flea for the dog, who is returning to her new pads and has just passed on the upstairs rug and is now rolling on the hall carpet in long-outworn of iniquitous agony as the scratches her sticky back. I'm throwing dishes into the sink for a quick top-water rinse. The radio announces it's 8:23 a.m. and I should already be cycling under the bridge. "Where's my 10-cent for walking Lucy?" Wilson asks. "But you haven't walked her." "I'm just going in." A quick search of my floating rectangles only 25 cents for banana day off. Wilson asks, "Are you working today?" "Yes." "Are you going to be out of the door and he isn't wearing his jacket and the temperature is a chilly 32 degrees. And the day hasn't yet begun.

The night sky hardly bears I prop open my eyelids and see that Wilson has another note from his teacher. The red pencil has been especially deep on the paper. "Did you listen to my instructions?" Treats and Treatments. "The word needed most right with the word in brackets and right with one of the constant combinations of sh, th, th, wh, qu." I really don't know if I can stand another 10 years of housework. It's been a very long day and it's going to be a lot longer yet. The tooth is aching, supper still hasn't been eaten yet and it's 8:23 a.m. and an repeat story has the bed. My temper is rising. I wish there was a way of making housework shorter. If I'll never be busy enough of day it'll be right to let me the occasional heating below. "Get out of bed when you left the house. It's a sin and doesn't fit up again until after 6 p.m. I should've done the dishes to do.

Last year I had to pay a 15-year-old subway to give Wilson lunch. Last year we were unable to find a neighbor who was willing to make on the job. School lunchrooms are open only to youngsters in grade three or over, unless they are very far from school, and are usually overcrowded and inadequately supervised.

And what happens when your child runs a nonstop? I'm a liberated working woman. A professional who always picks her job first. I go into the office and my child has in bed watching television with my mother" proposed against the telephone, a pull by the clock to be taken at twelve, and instructions on how to gall self a chance each week at lunchtime.

Raising a family is a physically and emotionally demanding job by itself. Combine it with different employment and anothering has to give. And what gives you your energy bank. It runs out. I'm talking about radio commercials writing three stories a week, or TV interviews with an afternoon program, or university professor with 12 hours to lecture a week, or even the part-time housewives who work all winter and take the summer off. I'm talking about day-in-day-out thirty-five-hour working year in and year out.

Now believe it was being unfair to all of us when I assumed the responsibility for the care of a husband, children and a home, although Jack has never tried to sweep me from working, and certainly without his cooperation. Couldn't do it. With more flexible working hours we take the responsibility for doctor's and dentist's appointments and carrying in and from day care. I have full work at 8 a.m. and doesn't fit up until 9 a.m., so he takes care of the morning creases to school, except when he's a waver, which is quite frequently, and then we have the quiet rush.

We have school holidays by staggering our own. I take three weeks. Jack takes three weeks, there's a day camp for two weeks, and Penny takes care of the balance of the holidays. The price of liberation runs high, believe me, my family and I have been paying it for years.

To many or not so many has absolutely nothing to do with liberation. Run working there has. And working from And vacuuming rugs. And stirring up at night with crying children. A working woman with home life, married or not, has no resemblance to a single, unchristened woman. A single woman is liberated because her home is her own in which to sleep or eat or play, always in her own peace. A woman with house can eat to go to work for most of her married life, as I have done, but that is not liberation, because someone has a claim to every waking hour of her day. Her only claim is the few hours sleep she can snatch at night.

As for working women having more time, I'm not one of them. I'm too tired. I work with words all day and I don't read a book or a newspaper at night. I haven't time to sit and watch television. I don't even listen to the radio much. My favorite sound is silence. My ultimate aspiration as is sleep 24 hours straight. Once I was going somewhere, but I forgot where. I think it was along the road to fame and fortune. I don't remember any more.

So why don't I stop and stay at home? Because I can't. I have to believe. Only now I feel rather like an old dog. He's forgotten when he's never at, and when he's fighting, but he's not throwing in the towel.

Harvey Wallbanger
is the name
and I can be made!



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It's the perfect
cooking ingredient
in the kitchen too!

Liquorice
Galliano

BY HEATHER ROBERTSON

The coming of age of Canadian television could hardly have happened at a more inauspicious or embarrassing time. The CBC has been damaged by a five-month-long television strike that nobody seemed to notice, and the press has resented. The *World War II* star or New York, John has folded John Abbott continues to lug up more TV shows. Small-stakes stations provide local programming as possibly amateurish as the first day they went on the air. Cable TV is overgrown with a fungus of old Cary Grant and Rock Hudson movies.

I feel affection and admiration for old Mother CBC, with all, after 30 years, yet I can't shake a feeling of worry and concern. Television is in a daze, the public is bored and cynical, in a mood of sarcasm and criticism rather than celebration. There is a sense of futility. It's easy to point to the triumphs of Canadian television, but, listing all the successes only obscures the nagging doubt that however good TV has become, it could be a whole lot better.

We expected no much. It's funny to remember the naive excitement with which we used to gather around the screen, confident that something would happen. It often did. Elton appeared on the *Bonney* show. Kennedy was buried in the Oval Office with much ceremony.

But television was not an enlightened and refined art, except our consciousness to the point where old prejudices and blind spots would vanish and we would live together in a global village of understanding. Remember? Not only do we still have our prejudices intact, but television has possibly increased and exacerbated them. TV is like a computer — you get out what you put in.

The TV we used to occupy the banal position in the corner of everybody's living room. All that was emerged to face it. Now it is actually relegated to the basement or basement. It has become a medium for children, television writers and producers, and friendly they are for an average mortal age of 13.

Television has not, contrary to predictions, replaced books, newspapers, movies or schoolbooks. Its influence has in fact slipped in the past decade. Adults tend to use it as a fact. That is a growing finding that television is irrelevant.

Nowhere is this as apparent more obviously than in Canada. The CBC is close to achieving the supreme goal of bureaucracy — efficient management, no programs. The strike which plagued the CBC for five months demonstrated little public indifference. The question is if the CBC were to drop down to zero, what would care?

The reason is simple. This spring we were told, for instance, that *Canadian* could not be shown on the CBC because "Canadians are not ready for it." That's a very familiar phrase to us Indians, it is, in fact, the classic expression of discrimination and exploitation. It apparently describes the position of the TV customer. Apathy is a political act, an expression of anger and contempt by people who are otherwise powerless.

I would like to put forward a modest proposal to help Canadian gain control over their own television network.

Consider the CBC. Throw out all the American shows. Let *CTV* have them. Let's have 100% Canadian content on the public network. Apologize all the time that CBC now uses to get around the Canadian content rules. Make the CBC's truly national network.

The CBC's Canadian content is now roughly 67%, the government grant is \$166 million a year. Another \$10 million

would pay for total Canadianism. Such ratios deficit would get rid of bureaucrats.

How much is Canadian television worth to you? The hundred million? Five hundred million? Neither?

It's a myth that Canadian public broadcasting is too expensive, it's too showy. What we can't afford is charity, futile, low-budget programming. Give the CBC more money. Nationalization would be expensive, but the money is there. The Trudeau government easily wastes enough every year to cover it. I suggest we start by freezing the defense budget over to the CBC since the CBC is, in fact, Canada's only real defense.

Imagine the effect. Pressure of production would force CBC Toronto to desperation shows would come pouring out of Vancouver, Winnipeg, Montreal. Hundreds of writers, actors, technicians, musicians would have work.

The busy to fan over the shell of old Presbyterian CBC executives would let all kinds of strange and interesting things on the air. We would have a wonderful and enduring show. *A Day About Women*. Shows would go live, they would say they should be off. Open, experimental programs would be done in full time. The somewhat refined crowds who are complementary to the CBC would all compete with outrage: we've seen their salaries.

No longer at its cost on imported American goods like *All in The Family*, the CBC would have to invent its own series, punch Canadian programs against the best the United States has to offer. Canadian shows, which are already as good as or better than most American programs, would be so good that *CTV* would be forced to start producing Canadian programs to compete.

American imports would either leave. The CBC could then perhaps offer work to some prominent Hollywood craftsmen — John Vernon, Donald Sutherland, Jim Mitchell, Deneau Rhodes, Michael Sarrazin, Neil Young — and sell their programs back to the U.S.

To avoid accusations of chauvinism, the CBC could import programs from other public networks such as the BBC in a maximum of 10% of the program schedule.

TV sets would be taxed, the way they are in Britain, where everyone pays for a license to own it. This system removes a lot of money from the network. From dependency on participation and gives the television consumer an effective means of protest.

You can still pour TV and get a tax refund if you really don't need Weekend. Or you can withhold your payment to emphasize your complaint; it's effective if several thousand people have the same one. Of course, you and I have to pay even if you watch only American shows.

Television is really just beginning. The past 20 years have been a kind of apprenticeship, the initial disorientation is a healthy infection that we are starting to understand what television is all about.

People aren't frightened of TV any more. They are organizing to stop the tide of private television to conglomerates and to get rid of programs and commercials that are offensive to women and minority groups. Television can't argue. It belongs to us, the people who watch it. It is what we make it.

As long as Canadian television remains a branch plant of the United States it will be weak and changing, because that's the kind of people it reflects. ■

Heather Robertson is a Winnipeg writer and broadcaster.



Please adjust your set, the trouble may be permanent



Photo: G. D. Haase, Maytag

No repairs in 17 years. "I wish to give you an enthusiastic report on our Maytag," writes Mr. Haase.

If he appreciates most is the quality built into a Maytag. Well, no wonder. The parts he builds at his Blairstown, New Jersey, are famous for quality, too.

In 1970, after working everything for a family of five for 17 years, something finally went wrong with his wife's Maytag, according to Mr. Martin R. Haase, Chester, N.J.

They called the Maytag man and he found that a center part had blown out of the drain control. He had the washer running perfectly again in a minute and didn't even charge anything. "It seemed remarkable to us that after all these years the trouble could be so minor," says Mr. Haase.

The following year their Maytag Washer

broke down. They were going to have it fixed but then decided it had earned a rest after 18 years of faithful service. So they got a new one instead. Their 17-year-old son, Bruce, who is mechanically inclined, persuaded them to give the old Maytag to him. He plans to fix it and maybe take it along when he gets married some day.

Today you can get new Maytags with all the latest features. A washer with programmable jobs. A Maytag *Walk-on-Heel*® Dryer with Electronic Control. Both have Maytag's unique Permanent-Press Cycle.

We don't say all Maytag will match the record the Haase family enjoyed. But dependability is what we try to build into every Maytag Washer and Dryer.



MAYTAG
THE DEPENDABILITY PEOPLE

An 18-year-old boy was accused of breaking a 55-year-old pensioner and robbing him of \$2.85. In court he pleaded guilty. His lawyer asked the court to consider the extenuating circumstances. The defendant had just had an appendectomy. His Youth grant refused, he had signed for \$25,000 to develop a new state of ignorance that grows under water. Compounding his depression, the community thinks he had eminently duplicated for a Rolling Stones concert weren't selling as well as usual. The judge was unmoved. He sentenced the youth 10 years' detention in a maximum security prison, during which time he was to watch two Canadian movies a day.

"For Lady, 300 times," the judge said. "The Crowded Room, 200 times. Fair-Off 100 times. The Whorehouse Of John, 400 times. Madeline Is... 90 times." The youth collapsed.

"Buching," said the newspaper. "This kind of punishment never detoured anyone. It only makes them worse."

The Court of Appeals agreed. "Commensurate as it may be to allow some use for these films their punitive value should be limited to crimes of the utmost severity. Forcing the defendant to view *The Whorehouse Of John* 400 times is excessive in view of his crime. The victim, we note from a recent medical report, has almost recovered the use of his legs and considering the age of the defendant..." The court reduced the youth's sentence to five drawings of *Another Death For Foulard*.

There'll be those who may think that's not sufficient punishment, but I assure you it is. *Another Death For Foulard* may well be the most painful Canadian movie ever made. Tom Shandl who wrote and directed it has the remarkable ability to make two hours seem like four. The summit of his relentless intensity is unreached by a single original thought in the strong grace of a good performance. The film's closing line is: "Okay, Karen, if that's the way you want it, we'll be apolitical by *Frances Hyland* in your last exhilarating role of her career. The public has already rewarded Miss Hyland. In Vancouver where the film was shot, *Death* is a "world premiere" and a sudden death pay-off in the same week.

Another Death For Foulard was financed by Sirus Developments (a mining company), the Canadian Film Development Corporation, and Ateliers Cinéma. Limited. Here's a sample of the kind of恕 you that it takes \$300,000 in Canada's film industry these days.

Lily Smith (played by the director's wife) is Shandl's ardent home from Berkeley, where she's been studying four-letter words and classical engineering (read "boob making"). Her stepmother, Marie (Frances Hyland), calls her "sweat-mouth." Marie is implausibly ensnared in a affair with Leney (Roger Dardier) who is supposed to be a film writer. He sports a red jacket and a modified Alvo hairstyle and goes around saying things like "far out" and "man, that's east-coast." Marie is constantly followed by private detectives led by her husband Stanley (Henry Koster). He in turn is spied upon by the Department of Revenue.

In order to win the presidency of a local Ukrainian club, Stanley promises to build a two-million-dollar residence at a Vancouver university. For some reason, he is obsessed with having his wife's lover build a house for the residence. "No way," says the artist, who is lounging around his studio in the nude when Stanley visits him. Stanley buys the studio and divides the rest of the art goes. He works for months.

Finally, the swindling older piece. It is a pink phal-

BY JOHN HOFSESS



Frances Hyland

What did Canadians do to deserve this?

"Sickly finger of fate." The public, initially shocked, applauds and calls out "Bravo!" The daughter (remember the daughter?) has planted several sticks of dynamite in the statue—"to strike" she remembers. "A blow against capitalism." But when she sets the statue the marinette "What a beautiful put-on." Meanwhile a recently joined goes to see his own radio and the statue explodes. End of movie.

Another finish *For Foulard* at full of nitro-methane will be the unforgettable view of an oxygenated traincar on a hot summer's night, but it never adds up to drama. Its characters are paper people thinly sketched without any sensitivity, and overextended with the qualities of a potboiler plot. *Whorehouse* Shandl is young and cynical. The trouble is that he doesn't know what he's talking about. The film is meant to be an attack on big business, tax evasion, armament, administrative, and God knows what else. It misses all of its targets. The film's producers have hired a young pseudo-artist to build them a statue dedicated to manslaughter. Well, to what? Two hundred thousand dollars is no what? Of our money?

Recommended: *Frenzy* is Alfred Hitchcock's fifty-second. He's 73 and the film is the greatest triumph of talent over sterility since *Love Never Dies* in *Belle de Jour* at the age of 66. The cast of little-known British actors — Jon Finch, Barry Foster, Barbara Leigh-Hunt, Anne Massey, Alice McGraw, and a fumbling, threadbare Peter's wife, Vivien Merchant. *Belle de Jour* appears (most recently seen here in *Guys and Dolls*) and Michael Bates (who played the prison guard in *A Clockwork Orange*) appears as an important supporting role. *Frenzy* is directed by Anthony Powell, who wrote the prison drama. *Shane* is being London, a city that has preserved a tradition of certain elegance and civilization, in its background. Hitchcock creates a sharp tension between the city and the import-drugster who is cutting loose. It is better not to reveal the details of the plot and risk the edge all the surprises. It isn't another *Reindeer*. You won't have white knuckles when it's over. *Frenzy* has the faceted acting abilities seen in *Tom Jones*. A *Sendebard* Yard inspector's wife is taking a course in cancer causes. She serves him things like ham-and-bean and pig's feet while chattering away about the corruption of society. *It's* Hitchcock at his most playful and giddy.

Portnoy's Complaint has with a dose of amateur effort become a movie. Ernest Lehman, who adapted *What's About Virginia Woolf?* for Mike Nichols, here directs his own screenplay. The director is confident, the screenplay is nervous. No sense of — of course not. What we have on film is the story of Alexander Portnoy as it might have been told by his mother: a warm affective Jewish comedy with a few uncomfortable references to us. It reveals a great deal about the conventions of film, and especially about men who read feminist books for their ideas and look on their faces. What is this? An art based on severe degradation? What kind of art is that? If movies can't cop with sex they should drop the subject. *Portnoy's Complaint* is funny. So is the May Tyler Moore movie. And it's the level of TV situation comedy that *Portnoy's Complaint* is a sensuous, experimental. It is no accident whatever that the film has been made with restraint and good taste. The Philip Roth novel was an anachronism on restraint and good taste. *Portnoy*, he was more to complain about than ever.

John Hofsess is a Canadian film director and critic.

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Over the past five years, astonishing things have been happening to the culture of this country. There have been very obvious explosions in film, music and even the short. At the same time, there's been an explosion of fast, funny-new reading — but hardly anybody seems to know about it.

Perhaps that's because a book is a private occasion. Film, theatre, art and even television are social forms to be experienced in groups, and so discussed. Books are different: they're personal, almost secret. They seem to glide into our culture, hidden semi-privately (when they are unconventional, it's usually far more quietly received), generally almost nobody seems to know about it.

Writer Graeme Obra, Phyllis Webb and Richard Wright, for example, are authors who equal and even exceed the reputations of the more famous (Lionel and Claude Jutra), but the books are known only to a fraction of those who buy records and see films. Canadian writing, it appears, is an almost-unnoticed art form.

Asian Canadians, edited by Robert Fulford, David Godfrey and Abraham Roman (Dante Lava and Sunburst paper \$12.95, cloth \$27), may just be part of the issue. It's a new book about Canadian books: a collection of essays on the literature of the Canadian experience. Each essay lists the best of the Canadian books in an field. Photography professor Trevor Lloyd on the North, history professor René Bouchard on Quebec nationalism; journalist Sandra Goye on women, writer Dennis Lee on poetry, English teacher W. H. New on modern fiction — 29 in all, each with a bibliography.

Any survey of this kind is open to expansion. Some this will inevitably turn out to be incomplete, some will be redundant, but *Asian Canadians* is the first book about Canadian books that attempts to pick the literature of this country out of privacy.

There is a small section at the end of *Asian Canadians* about publishing in Canada, a makan depressing to compensate, the editors have added their list of the 10 best Canadian books by Canadian authors, and published originally in English only). "The argument about 'best,'" says the editor, "will never win this place the critics of this contribution to *Asian Canadians*, and I'll continue, we hope, everywhere Canadian books are read."

By way of riding to whatever argument is raised, MacLean's asked a number of Canadians for a list of the five Canadian books (English or French) they thought were most important for my number of reasons. In alphabetical order:

Margaret Atwood, writes: "There are not necessarily Canadian books I should be here, or a few that I like most, but those that made a major difference to me the first time I read them. *Farmer Rose*, *For Me and My House*, Shelly Watson, *The Double Hook*, Marie-Claire Blais and Madeline, Margaret Laurence, *The Stone Angel*, Graeme Obra. *The Lure* is the last few years, though have opened up a lot. Publishers are willing to publish fiction that takes off in different directions. Before that very little fiction of any sort was published in Canada."

Alan Hawes, President of Saskatchewan, "Joseph Howe, *Lets the Lord Join Us*," the list is, or course, one of the first, and perhaps the best statement for a colony of a European nation becoming an independent country by peaceful means. The *Report of The Royal Commission on the Status of Women* in Canada. *George Street, George Street, Let me* for A Nation: this little book Grant is clear and compelling press was one the dangers of Canada being swallowed

by the talk of secessionism. Hugh MacLennan, *Two Solitudes*, one of the first writings to focus attention on the gulf that separates French Canada from English Canada. John Porter, *The Portable Mouse*; perhaps the first comprehensive analysis of social class and power relationships in Canada."

Robert W. Simon, president, Macmillan-Blondin Ltd., Vancouver: "Sam Slick by Thomas Chandler Haliburton the first work of fiction on a Canadian subject by a Canadian-born author to win international attention. *The Lure* and *The Last* by Morley Callaghan, it used a Canadian setting for a message of universal import. Gabrielle Roy, *The Tin Flute*, is a sweet looking to literary attention. Dennis Lee, *Blindman of The North*, it's influence on a entire generation of Canadian historians. Hugh MacLennan, *The Watch That Ends The Night* it spans eloquently the human condition."

Chair Kirkland Coopman, Minister of Cultural Affairs, Quebec: "Jean Paul Deslaurier, *Les Désormais du Peuple Unifié*, Gabrielle Roy, *Barbier d'Orléans* (*The Tin Flute*, Hugh MacLennan, *The Watch That Ends The Night*) it spans eloquently the human condition."

Senator Keith Ducey, Ottawa: "John Porter, *The Portable Mouse* the first in-depth analysis of who we are. The National Film Board's spectacular collection of photography, *Canada A Year Of The Land* which is quite simply beautiful. The two Parks Service books on the railroad, *The Last Spike* and *The National Parks*, the best history I've ever read. Peter C. Newman, *Kingcome In Power*, a fine contemporary political history. Walter Gordon, *A Choice For Canada* in many ways will be the best statement of our members on a problem, Americanized version of our country."

David French, playwright, "For Every North American, *What Are You Doing*, I Also Sing, *Two Solitudes*, *For Me and My House*, *The Double Hook*, *Marie-Claire Blais* and *Madeline*, *Farmer Rose*, *The Stone Angel*, *Graeme Obra*, *Two Solitudes*, *Alberta Vodka*, *The Tin Flute* by a writer who understands that poverty is a political disease, and especially tough on women."

Denise Levert, poet and editor, "These are my favorite Canadian books, not necessarily the best books ever written in Canada. And only one of them — George Grant's *Technology and Empire* — is published by anyone, my own publishing house. The others, *The Journal of Saint-Denis-Gatineau*, *Over Prairie Town* by Frederick Philip Grove, *The Silver Age* by Margaret Laurence, and a book that doesn't exist, but is — an as yet unpublished collection of poems by Al Purdy." ■



A private literature to call our own

Édard Desjardins and Louis O'Neill, *Le Cheshire et les Éléphants*, Gabrielle Roy, *Barbier d'Orléans* (*The Tin Flute*, Hugh MacLennan, *The Watch That Ends The Night*) it spans eloquently the human condition."

You Canadians make a great vodka, but then you do weird things to it."



кровавая Мэри
(Bloody Mary)



ОТВЕРТКА
(Gin and tonic)



УКУС ПЧЕЛЫ
(Beetle sting)

When we met Sergei, a Red Army soldier, in a district outside Leningrad, he had the usual skepticism about a vodka not made in his homeland. But then he tried Alberta Vodka. And he tried it again. And he liked it. *Strong*.

The only thing he disapproved of was our decadent habit of adding mixers to vodka.

Tomato juice had no place in a spirited drink, as far as Sergei

was concerned. And orange juice was for breakfast. Harvey Wallbanger wasn't his comrade. And he didn't get the point of a Bee Sting at all.

But the real point is—Alberta Vodka itself drew a steady smile.

You'll like Alberta Vodka, too. You'll like its versatility. Because here in Canada, mixing a drink is an art. The weird things are wonderful.

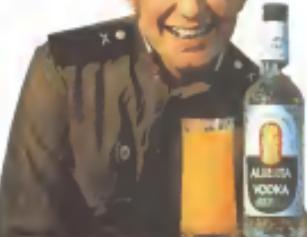
Alberta Vodka
(just ask Sergei)

Here are the recipes that

you'll find in Sergei's

COOKBOOK: *MONTE MALT* (Monte Malt Vodka with orange juice and lime juice). A simple combination of orange juice and lime juice. The alcohol content is 40 percent. *ALBERTA VODKA* (Alberta Vodka with lime juice, orange juice and lime juice). A simple combination of lime juice, orange juice and Alberta Vodka.

ALBERTA VODKA (Alberta Vodka with lime juice and orange juice). A simple combination of lime juice, orange juice and Alberta Vodka.



ALBERTA VODKA
is a blend of premium grain
alcohol, orange juice, lime
juice and a dash of ginger
root. It's a smooth, crisp
and citrusy vodka.

ALBERTA VODKA
is a blend of premium grain
alcohol, orange juice, lime
juice and a dash of ginger
root. It's a smooth, crisp
and citrusy vodka.

make it with Gilbey's
the tall 'n frosty one

